

The Daily Mirror

THE MORNING JOURNAL WITH THE SECOND LARGEST SALE.

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THURSDAY, AUGUST 24, 1905.

One Halfpenny.

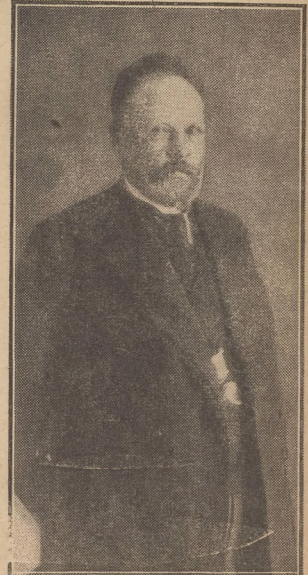
HORRORS OF WAR THAT THE PEACE CONFERENCE OUGHT TO END.



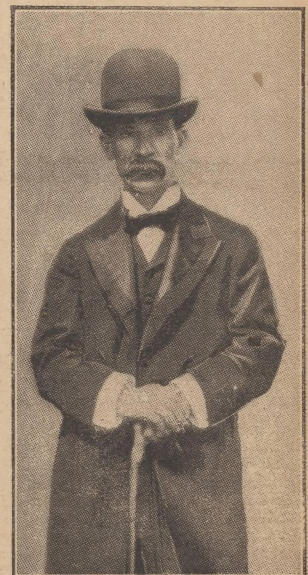
Why the world is crying out for peace between Russia and Japan. A terrible scene on a battlefield after the fight. Russian sentries guarding the bodies of their dead comrades until they can be buried. — (From stereograph, copyright 1905, Underwood and Underwood, London and New York.)



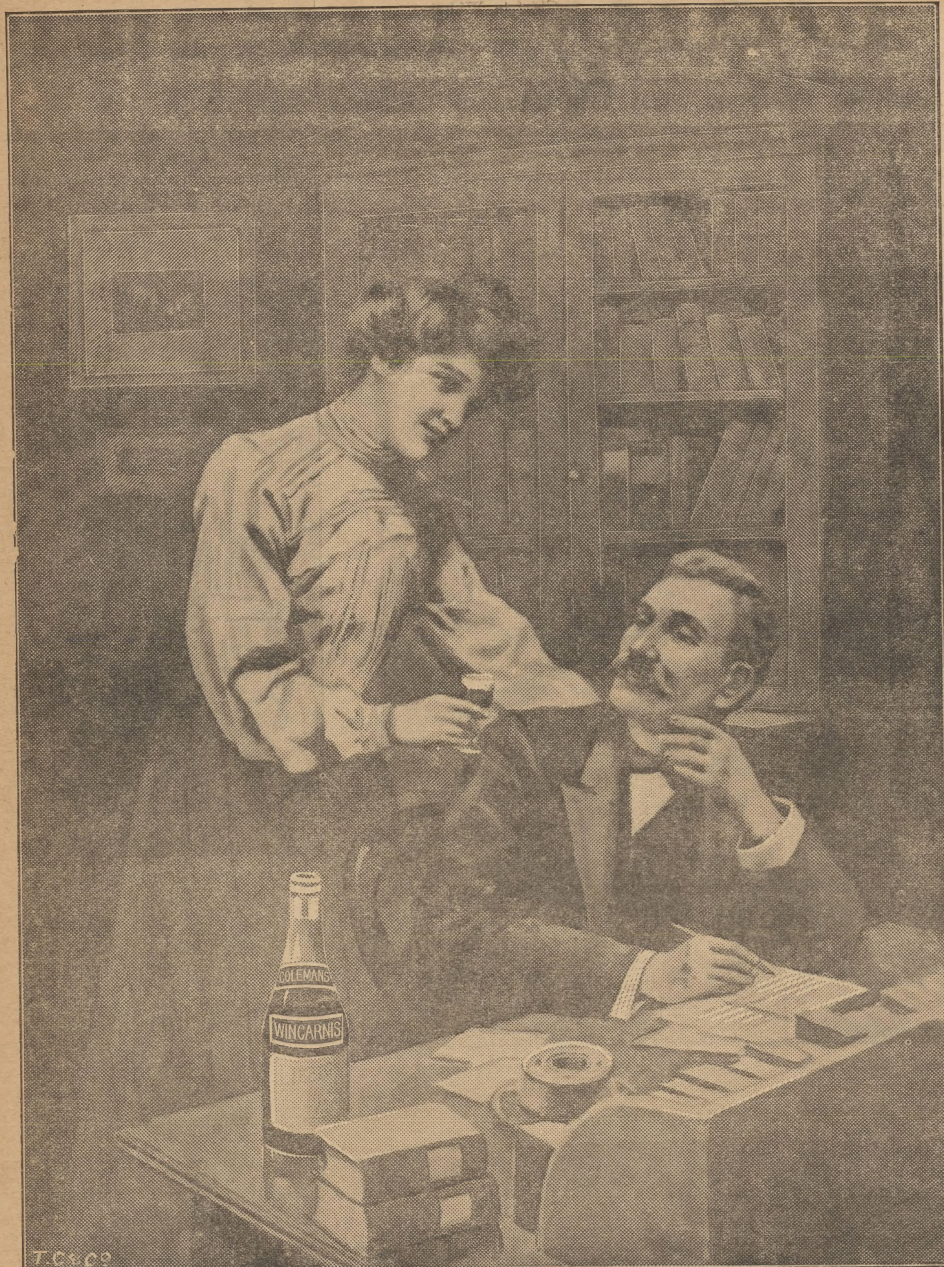
While the peace negotiations are being protracted at Portsmouth, New Hampshire, the soldiers at the front continue to pay the grim penalties of war. The photograph shows Japanese wounded waiting for removal to a base hospital in Manchuria. — (From stereograph, J. Ricatton, copyright 1905, Underwood and Underwood, London and New York.)



M. Witte, the Russian peace plenipotentiary. Everyone hopes that he will find himself able to come to an agreement with the Japanese representatives, and so terminate the war. — (From stereograph copyright, 1905, Underwood and Underwood, London and New York.)



Baron Komura, the principal representative of Japan, at the Peace Conference, who, with M. Witte, practically holds the issues of peace or war in his hands.



"By Doctor's Orders."

INDISPENSABLE FOR HEAT PROSTRATION

Coleman's "Wincarnis" is a preparation of matchless restorative power for Mental and Physical Exhaustion consequent upon extreme heat or organic failures. Every man, and especially every woman, engaged in town life needs something to replenish the vital powers. "Wincarnis" permanently invigorates, supports and renews the natural strength of the constitution. It is a delightfully refreshing pick-me-up, almost pre-digested, easily assimilated and instantaneously absorbed. To those who suffer with Dyspepsia it is gratefully comforting and feeding. As a restorative it has received the very gratifying support and endorsement of the medical profession, winning its highest honours in hospitals and nursing homes in the restoration of the exhausted during convalescence.

TRY A FREE SAMPLE BOTTLE.

Sign This Coupon

To obtain "Wincarnis" free of charge.

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"Daily Mirror," August 24, 1905.

Cut out and send with three penny stamps, to cover postage, to Coleman & Co., Ltd., Wincarnis Works, Norwich. No charge whatever is made for the wine.



OVER 8,000 Medical Testimonials

Bury, July 2, 1905.

Dear Sirs,—Please forward accompanying order. I have a very high opinion of the value of your "Wincarnis," and have used it in a case of debility, following Scarlatina, at the Isolation Hospital.—Yours faithfully,

—L.R.C.P. and M.R.C.S.

Carnarvon, July 14, 1905.

Dear Sirs,—I regularly prescribe your "Wincarnis" to my patients, and am glad to say that it is an Al pick-me-up for invalids.—Yours, etc.,

H. H. P., M.R.C.S.

Newton-le-Willows, Lancashire,
July 29, 1905.

Dear Sir,—I am very pleased to say your preparation, "Wincarnis," has in my experience done all that you claim for it. I have tried it in three cases of Pyemia, and been more than satisfied, and also in ordinary cases of debility with complete satisfaction.

I shall most certainly prescribe it in future as a reliable tonic and stimulant.—Yours truly,

—, M.B., etc.

Another Doctor wires:—

I have always found it extremely valuable in Neurasthenical and Hysterical disorders, which are two diseases difficult to cure in private practice.

Princes Park, Liverpool,
June 30, 1905.

Dear Sirs,—Your sample bottle of "Wincarnis" was forwarded to me from barracks, and as my son was very bad with hay fever at the time, I tried it. It has had a marvellous effect on him, and even the small quantity has nearly cured him; his bleeding from the nose has stopped, and I really think that another bottle or two will complete the cure. I had tried everything and had special advice before trying this.

My chemist had none this morning in stock. Please send soon.—Yours faithfully,

H. J. T. B., M.R.C.S. etc.

PROPRIETORS: **COLEMAN & CO., Ltd. WINCARNIS WORKS, NORWICH.**

PEACE MAY YET BE MADE.

Possible Compromise Between Russia and Japan.

DIVIDING SAGHALIEN.

How Russia May Pay Without Losing Face.

Peace prospects were decidedly more rosy yesterday.

That does not mean that a settlement is actually in sight. But a ray of hope is cast on the hitherto almost hopeless situation. At least, it is now seen that a compromise is possible.

The question of the indemnity and the cession of Saghalien have been the two pills Russia has refused to swallow. Now, according to the "Times" and other well-informed authorities, a compromise is in view that might soothe Russia's pride, and go far towards satisfying Japan.

This scheme is to settle the question by dividing Saghalien between the two nations, Russia retaining the northern part and Japan taking the southern. This is a return to the status prior to 1875, when Russia took the whole island. Thus Russia would not be ceding Russian territory, but only giving Japan back her own. A rather delicate distinction, but valuable for saving Russia's "face."

Russia would, under this compromise, make a money payment, not nearly so large as that demanded at first, and disguised under some other name than an indemnity.

SACRIFICES BY JAPAN.

It is to Japan's credit that she is willing to make sacrifices to save Manchuria becoming once more the theatre of desolating war—to prevent a repetition of scenes that have shocked and staggered humanity. Half a million precious lives have been lost in the mountain passes or the desolate plains of Manchuria; Russia and Japan are both crowded with human wrecks, the victims of the war; and both countries are being "bled white" as to finances.

It would be an awful catastrophe for the world if the present reasonable basis of an enduring peace were rejected from mere pride.

If peace be made on the terms outlined above, the result of the twelve Japanese demands may be tabulated as follows:—

- | | |
|---|---------------|
| 1.—Korea's future status.... | Japan gains. |
| 2, 3, and 4.—Evacuation of Manchuria by Russia and restoration to China.... | Japan gains. |
| 5.—Cession of Saghalien.... | Honours easy. |
| 6.—Surrender of Port Arthur, Dairen, the Liaoting Peninsula.... | Japan gains. |
| 7.—Disposal of Manchurian Railway.... | Japan gains. |
| 8.—Indemnity.... | Honours easy. |
| 9.—Surrender of interned warships.... | Russia wins. |
| 10.—Limitation of Russia's navy in Far East.... | Russia wins. |
| 11.—Fishing rights on Russian coast in Far East.... | Japan gains. |

ANOTHER ADJOURNMENT.

PORTSMOUTH (N.H.), Wednesday.—The Peace Conference which met again this morning adjourned at a quarter past twelve. M. Witte is believed to be awaiting further instructions from St. Petersburg.

Later.—It is unofficially stated that the Conference has adjourned until Saturday.—Reuter.

NOT A KOPECK OF TRIBUTE.

PORTSMOUTH (N.H.), Wednesday.—It is stated that Baron Komura has agreed to offer Mr. Roosevelt's proposal for a compromise at this morning's session of the Conference.

In well-informed quarters a final rupture to-day is regarded as impossible, no matter what the Tsar's instructions to M. Witte may be. If the negotiations are prolonged into next week it is declared that so much pressure will be brought to bear upon the Tsar that he will be unable to resist.

It is known that Mr. Roosevelt's proposal would permit satisfaction of the Japanese demands for reimbursement, and, at the same time, enable Russia to face the world, declaring that she has not ceded a foot of territory nor paid a kopeck of war tribute.—Reuter.

M. WITTE ILL.

M. Witte is in the hands of a doctor for a stomachic complaint.

RUSSIAN HUSSARS MUTINY.

PARIS, Wednesday.—The St. Petersburg correspondent of the "Matin" telegraphs that the 1st Hussars, stationed at Tsarskoe Selo, have mutinied and refused to admit their colonel to the barracks.—Exchange.

CHANNEL TOO ROUGH.

Competitors Must Perforce Wait for Fine Weather.

EAGER MISS KELLERMANN

Miss Kellermann was disconsolate yesterday morning, so also were the five men candidates for Channel honours.

The experts who had been out into mid-Channel on a tug decided that it was too rough for any attempts to swim across the miles which separate England from France.

If the sea goes down in time Miss Kellermann, the charming young Australian who hopes to win the *Daily Mirror* trophy, will start this afternoon, or failing then, to-morrow morning.

So once again the six hopeful swimmers have had to combine the two duties of keeping themselves fit and keeping up their spirits.

Every day's delay means a big expense. Each of the swimmers has a complete expedition to maintain. First and foremost in the matter of expense comes the tug. That costs from £30 to £40 a day; no small item when the start may be postponed day after day to meet the caprices of the clerk of the weather.

Then each swimmer has also quite a small retinue of followers to attend to him or her. The tug must have an experienced pilot on board, expert in matters of Channel tides, drift, and currents. A doctor, too, is no unreasonable requirement.

SUPPLY OF FOOD.

Then the food question has to be attended to. Food for anything up to twenty-four hours must be provided, and means of giving it to the swimmer arranged. That necessitates at least one other attendant, but two or more are better.

Swimmers to-day go in for special foods. Miss Kellermann is a great believer in Cadbury's cocoa. Holbein takes as much fat as possible in his food so as to maintain bodily heat. He takes no alcohol while in the water.

Wolffe, a Scotsman, has theories of his own on feeding, and only eats foods cooked by his mother-in-law, who, for that purpose, attends him on his swims.

Burgess is the only one of the six who does not care what he eats provided he likes it. He eats chicken, and even veal and ham pie. Fruit is another of his favourite foods while swimming. Then, too, the swimmers have to be cheered on their way, for the monotony of the long swim is one of the greatest trials.

Miss Kellermann thinks that a gramophone is excellent company, and one will, therefore, discourse sweet music for her when she swims.

STRAINS OF THE BAGPIPE.

Wolffe, as a Scotsman should, finds that the skirl of the bagpipes fires his blood, so his national instrument will cheer him on his way.

Even on the subject of grease, the artificial covering with which the swimmers coat themselves, there are divergencies of opinion.

Miss Kellermann pins her faith to lard and resin. Other swimmers believe in all sorts of mixtures, which include ingredients ranging from porpoise oil to butter and castor oil.

Only in one thing are they all agreed, and that is that the eyes must be protected with goggles, attached to a thin silk headress, from the salt water. After Webb made his great swim his eye-sight was affected for days, and "swimmer's eye" is a recognised ailment—and a painful one, too.

MONKEY OUT-PATIENT.

Dolly Making Excellent Progress and Still Fond of Fruit.

Splendid progress is being made by the monkey-patient, Dolly, of the Coliseum, who continues to be an out-patient of the Charing Cross Hospital, where Dr. Strickland is treating her for pneumonia.

Yesterday she appeared to be much better. Though on a milk diet, she still shows a partiality for fruit. A ripe plum and some sweets were offered her, but she contemptuously flung the sweets aside and employed herself with the plum.

Though still swathed in bandages, she looks so much better, and her eye is so much brighter, that a few days will probably see her completely restored to health.

ACCIDENTS TO BRITISH DESTROYERS.

ESBJERG, Wednesday.—The destroyers attached to the Channel Fleet met with several accidents yesterday. The Arab ran aground and another destroyer which went to her assistance ran against the mole of the commercial harbour, staying in her bows.

The Arab, steaming full speed astern, got off, but could not be stopped in time and collided with a third destroyer, seriously damaging her rudder. The third vessel sprang a leak.—Reuter.

'THE DUKE'S' STATUE

Memorial to the Late Commander-in-Chief in Whitehall.

London is to have an equestrian statue of the late Duke of Cambridge.

It is only fitting that there should be some permanent memorial to one who was so genuinely popular amongst all classes, and who rendered such valuable service to the Army.

The commission for the statue has been given to Captain Adrian Jones, the well-known sculptor, who permitted a representative of the *Daily Mirror* to inspect the model yesterday.

The Duke, in the full-dress of a Field-Marshal, and wearing a cloak, sits a spirited charger. On his breast are numerous Orders and decorations, and he holds in his right hand a Field-Marshal's baton.

REALISTIC EFFECT.

The horse is just being pulled in, and the attitude gives a feeling of life to the group. The animal is alert and real.

The statue takes one back to the time when, as Commander-in-Chief of the Army, the Duke was a conspicuous figure on the review ground.

Together with the pedestal, which is to be of granite, the group will tower some 27ft. above the roadway.

The site chosen is immediately between the new War Office building and the Horse Guards, and the committee appointed to superintend the arrangements has as its chairman the Duke of Connaught, whilst Sir Redvers Buller is one of the most active members. The hon. secretary is Major-General Sir Albert Williams.

FIRST STATUE OF QUEEN ALEXANDRA.

Hong Kong is about to distinguish itself as the place of erection of the first public statue of Queen Alexandra, the commission for which has been entrusted to Mr. George E. Wade.

"NIPSEY MONEY."

Ejected Families of Yorkshire Miners Dwell Half-Starved in Tents.

It is an uneventful life at the miners' camp at Kinsley, where groups of the idle men loiter about and sad-eyed women with children clinging at their skirts are seen among the tents.

Until the dispute between the West Yorkshire collieries and the men is happily decided, these families, ejected from their homes, must exist as best they can. Every day recruits are expected.

The tent-dwellers are just keeping body and soul together, the only funds they have being drawn from their trade union, assisted by grants from other bodies, and money collected by touring choirs, known as "nipsy money." Striking pictures appear on another page.

FRESH HAIR DAILY.

Fugitive Bank Clerk's Companion Has a Mania for Wigs.

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

PARIS, Wednesday.—Mme. Merilli, who accompanies the absconding bank clerk Galley on the yacht Catarina, has a mania for wigs, wearing a different one daily, and changing from blonde to brunette of fiery auburn, according to fancy.

She is entirely bald, owing to illness in consequence of divorce proceedings instituted against her by her late husband several years ago.

MIDNIGHT TELEGRAMS.

The municipal authorities of Danzig yesterday voted a sum of £300 for the entertainment of the officers and men of the English fleet on their coming visit.

"I took this money from the rich by advancing loans on interest. The rich took it from the poor, and to the poor I wish it to be restored." This was the brief will of an Italian who killed himself, leaving £120,000.

A heated discussion between two captains of the 92nd French Regiment of Infantry occurred during the progress of a lecture in barracks at Clermont Ferrand, and ended in blows. Of course, a duel has been arranged.

A telegram from Algiers states that the British Chargé d'Affaires there has conveyed his thanks to the commander of the French cruiser Du Chayla for the assistance rendered by that vessel to the British steamer Iran when ashore in the Bay of Tangier. The Du Chayla stood by the Iran for two days.

TO-DAY'S WEATHER.

Our special weather forecast for to-day is:—Northernly to variable breezes; local showers at first, then fine and sunny, becoming warmer. Lighting-up time, 8.3 p.m. Sea passages will be moderate to smooth.

LORD MINTO TALKS TO 'DAILY MIRROR.'

New Viceroy's Frank Views on His Appointment.

CAME AS SURPRISE.

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

HAWICK, Wednesday.—I was to-day honoured with a striking interview at St. Boswell's with Lord Minto, the newly-appointed Viceroy of India, concerning the great distinction which has been conferred upon him.

Lord Minto, magnificently mounted, was riding back from a puppy walk held by the Duke of Buccleuch when I hailed him. He stopped and greeted me with a genial smile.

"What have you to say," I asked, plunging at once into the subject, "regarding your appointment as Viceroy of India?"

CAME AS A SURPRISE.

"Well," replied Lord Minto, "it was as much a surprise to me as to any person. I had no idea or hint of it."

"You had no suggestion of it when Lord Curzon's resignation seems to have been handed in last June?"

"Not the slightest." "What do you think of the Government's action?"

"That I could not say."

"You are on the best terms with Lord Curzon?"

"Oh, yes, I know George Curzon well, and I shall be glad to shake him by the hand when he comes back."

"Have you seen what one of the leading Canadian papers says about your appointment?"

"No (eagerly). What do they say?"

"That you are not big enough for the position."

"Well, that is kind of them," Lord Minto answered ironically, and again repeated it, while he smiled sardonically.

Continuing, Lord Minto said that he had not seen much of the outside opinion re the controversy. He had been asked for Press interviews, but had granted none except this.

He was leaving to-night at midnight for London and would meet the Premier and Mr. Brodrick to-morrow, the latter of whom would be his host while he was in town.



LORD MINTO.

He thought, though it was not settled, that he and Lady Minto would be in India to receive the Prince and Princess of Wales when they reached Calcutta. Though their Royal Highnesses would no doubt sail before him they would probably not go to Calcutta. At present the new Viceroy expects to sail about the end of October, but details will have to be fixed at to-morrow's conference.

In speaking of his new home, Lord Minto brought to mind his service there with Lord Roberts, which gave him a wide acquaintance with the country.

In conclusion, he said that he was naturally very proud of the appointment, but as yet could say no more on account of the meagre facts in his possession.

LADY MINTO SPEAKS.

In the morning I found Lady Minto alone at Minto House. She said she was delighted with the Indian prospect.

She had never been to India, but looked forward to having a pleasant sojourn there. If she found the people in the East as genial as those in Canada she would be satisfied. Asked as to applications for household and staff positions for the Viceroyal party, she said the mails brought them in floods, but no appointments had been made, the news reaching Minto House only two days ago.

"It has been hinted," I suggested, "that when you went to Canada you averred that you had your mind on India for the future."

"Well, I don't remember anything of the kind," Lady Minto replied with a smile. "I had intended going back to Canada to pay a visit to my brother, Earl Grey, the present Governor-General, but this change in affairs will prevent it."

BAD OUTLOOK FOR HOLIDAY-MAKERS.

By Rule of Averages Next Week Should Be Wet.

THE COMING ECLIPSE.

Is yesterday's unsettled and stormy weather the harbinger of a bad time for holiday makers?

Of the English climate nothing is certain but uncertainty, but if the weather acts up to its past record next week will be wet, dull, and miserable.

The Meteorological Office in Victoria-street has upon its walls a large chart covered with mysterious lines and figures which convey nothing to the lay mind, but which hint at the probability that the thirty-fifth week of the year—that ending on Saturday, September 2—will be one for holiday makers to dread.

Fatal Thirty-fifth Week.

The chart shows that during the thirty-fifth week of each of the twenty years 1851-1900 the sunshine line dropped suddenly, and the rainfall line rose in a remarkable manner. As up till the present time this year's lines have more or less corresponded with the average lines, meteorologists are greatly interested in speculating as to whether the lines will continue to follow the course which the law of averages lays down for them.

If the anticipated does happen next week's weather may be summarised beforehand as follows:—

	Rainfall.	Sunshine.
North of Scotland	1 in.	24hr.
Channel Islands	0.7 in.	44hr.
West of England	1.1 in.	34hr.
East of England	0.7 in.	34hr.

Payng for Past Favours.

The chances that the week will be wet are increased by the fact that except in the north of Scotland the rainfall for the present year has been below the average for the thirty years 1871-1900, and also by the fact that in London we have only had 1.35 inches of rain this month, as compared with an average, for the last thirty-five years, of 2.30 inches. The sunshine, too, is above the average.

Tuesday night's rainfall was a heavy one at all the British recording stations, except Aberdeen. The amount of rain ranged from 1.22 inches at Holyhead to 0.19 inch in London.

"DRAMA" IN THE HEAVENS.

Total Eclipse of the Sun for the First Time in Thirty-five Years.

The eclipse of the sun which takes place at noon next Wednesday, will, "weather permitting," be visible to all London.

The drama will last about ninety minutes in all. At 11.49 a.m. the moon starts to attack the sun's omnipotence. By 1.4 p.m. she will conceal three-fourths of the sun's glory. By 2.15 p.m. the sun will have regained his usual proud pre-eminence, and again be the king of the heavens.

From some parts of the world it will look as though, for a time, the sun had entirely disappeared. It is to those parts of the terrestrial theatre that the critics have gone, taking with them giant telescopes for use as opera-glasses, innumerable cameras, and hundredweights of notebooks.

The play will be produced on such a large scale that at the most dramatic moment 1,700 square miles of the earth's theatre will be darkened. Winnipeg will first be made gloomy by the shadow, which will travel by way of Labrador across the Atlantic to Spain, and thence to the Indian Ocean. Some of the critics have gone to Canada. Others are in California, Spain, Algeria, and Egypt. They will stretch in a line, in fact, right across that half of the earth from which the performance can be seen.

SHOCK FOR MOTORISTS.

Missing Their Way They Very Nearly Found Themselves in a "Nature" Colony.

Certain automobilists of Paterson, New Jersey, having missed the highway, finally bumped (says *Littell*) into a ten-foot stockade, where they were surprised by guards warning them off excitedly with the words: "Don't you know there are twenty women within sun and sand bath?"

They found on inquiry that they had lighted on private grounds in the Jungbom settlement, where artists, musicians, and other professionals live in the open air, and diet themselves on spring water, nuts, and vegetables.

A fire which broke out on the new Government offices in course of construction in Whitehall yesterday was extinguished with some difficulty owing to the strong wind.

CLEANER LONDONERS.

Soap and Hot Water Becoming More Popular in All Districts.

Agitators for the passing of the Aliens Bill will be pleased to know that cleanliness is on the increase in London, even in the East End.

During the past summer the returns of the various metropolitan public baths have shown that, compared with the average summer, a greater number of hot baths have been taken.

The superintendent of the Holborn Baths assured the *Daily Mirror* that for the last few weeks over 300 first-class hot baths had been the daily average. These baths are mostly patronised by the residents of St. Giles and Bloomsbury, and considering that the summer has not been hotter than usual it would seem that cleanliness is on the increase in this neighbourhood.

In the East End the same tale is told. Inquiries made at the Aldgate Public Baths, which are situated in the heart of the alien quarter, showed that the demand for hot baths is also on the increase. Few of the patrons of the baths are Jews of all nationalities, they have been coming more regularly than formerly. Last Saturday no fewer than 458 second-class hot baths were served and 121 first-class.

"ARREST" OF WAR VESSEL.

Grave Mistake Alleged in Fining Shipbroker for Contempt.

The Fearless, one of the old British war vessels sold at Portsmouth recently, figured in an application to Mr. Justice A. T. Lawrence to set aside an order for contempt made against Mr. Constant, a London shipbroker.

The ship, in contravention of an order by Mr. Justice Bargaevne Deane, who, in connection with certain proceedings, ordered the "arrest" of the Fearless at Holyhead, was taken on to Rhyll, and Mr. Constant, who purchased her, was ordered to pay a fine of £50.

It was now urged that there had been a serious mistake, that Mr. Constant was not the owner, that he bought the boat for two gentlemen, and that he was not responsible.

The motion was ordered to stand over until the return of Mr. Justice Deane.

BAKEHOUSE HORRORS.

New York's Bread Prepared in Disease-Laden Cellars Hidden from Public View.

NEW YORK, Wednesday.—The factory inspectors, who have examined the Jewish bakeries in order to ascertain the conditions under which the strikers work, have ordered all of them to be cleaned out and repaired before work is resumed.

The inspectors declare that three out of every four of the workmen are consumptive and every shop contains germs of the disease.

The Board of Health has given orders that female nurses from the consumptive hospitals shall in future control these shops, many of which are hidden cellars almost undiscoverable even by the police.—*Laffan*.

WHOLESOME RED-LEAD.

French Scientist Declares That Its Value as Food Has Been Entirely Overlooked.

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

PARIS, Wednesday.—"Red-lead is not dangerous—on the contrary, it is healthy." This is the astounding statement made by Dr. A. Treille, senator, and honorary professor of the School of Medicine of Algeria. He appears to regard it as the elixir of life.

In a pamphlet he warmly defends red-lead against the bad character universally given to it by the medical profession.

As every French doctor and chemist of eminence, from M. Marcelin Berthelot downwards, has pronounced against the new medical doctrine, it would be interesting to learn the opinions of British scientists.

WORKHOUSE FOR LONG LIFE.

"The workhouse," said the Hackney coroner yesterday, appears to be the best place for longevity. If ever the death of a person over ninety has to be inquired into, it is almost certain that the deceased has been an inmate of the workhouse."

He was investigating the death of a woman aged ninety-six.

LABOUR SECRETARY IN TROUBLE.

Owing to his habit of keeping the money he collected in his pocket, George Stevenson, secretary of the Wimbeldon United Builders' Labourers' Union, was condemned yesterday to repay the £3 odd he retained, or undergo seven days' imprisonment.

WARSHIP AS YACHT.

How the Prince and Princess Will Travel to India.

EVICTED OFFICERS.

Few people who read that H.M.S. Renown was to take the Prince and Princess of Wales out to India have any idea of the amount of work that is required to turn a huge battleship into a royal yacht.

The Renown is now practically ready for her new commission, and by the end of next week she will be out of the hands of the dockyard authorities at Portsmouth. After her trials she will sail for Genoa, where the royal tourists embark on October 8.

The cost of the work is enormous. In the first place, all the heavy guns have had to be landed, and most of the lighter ones have also been taken ashore, only sufficient being left for saluting purposes.

This is necessary to provide room. However luxuriously a captain may be lodged on board a man-of-war, his quarters will not do for a Prince or Princess. Enormous space, therefore, has to be provided. The Princess's boudoir and sleeping apartments, beautifully decorated in white and gold, take up a large part of the ship.

Landsmen's Air-Space.

The sleeping cabins for the Prince and his personal attendants make an almost equal demand. The Admiral's apartments have had to be converted into drawing and dining rooms, and all the officers, including the captain and commander, have had to give up their cabins for the suite and the royal servants.

In many cases the air-space sufficient for an officer has been deemed far too small for a landsman, and two or three cabins have been thrown into one.

Where are the officers to sleep? They will be stowed away into cabins formed from the casemates of the evicted big guns. Gipsy-like as the arrangement sounds, the officers will be very comfortable. Wonders of ingenuity have been performed in making their quarters habitable.

"Truth" finds a grievance in the fact that a fine battleship will be practically lost to the Navy for a year, and suggests that it would be cheaper and more convenient to charter a large liner for the purpose.

But, after all, we have plenty of battleships, and it is not often the Heir Apparent and his Princess go to India.

DECEIVED TWELVE WIVES.

Heartless Practical Joke Sends Many Women on a Wild Chase After Their Husbands.

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

PARIS, Wednesday.—Several furious men are now looking for a noted practical-joker named Lagrille, and swearing they will shoot him.

While out fishing with a dozen friends Lagrille as evening approached sent a telegram to each of their wives bidding them to go to Versailles, where their husbands were lying dangerously ill.

The women rushed from various parts of Paris to the hotel. By the time they realised that they were the victims of a heartless practical joke, the last train for Paris had left, and they had to stay in Versailles for the night.

The husbands returning home and finding their wives away were furious, and it took some time before the situation could be satisfactorily explained.

The police are now looking for Lagrille, who has wisely disappeared.

STILETTO TRAGEDY.

Jealous Paris Workgirl Stabs Her Rival in Lover's Presence.

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

PARIS, Wednesday.—Every Sunday a girl named Emilienne Margellas went for a walk with her sweetheart Jules, a clerk.

One day a fellow-workgirl, with a character for levity, met them, and Emilienne treating her with marked coldness, she vowed to rob her of her sweetheart.

She succeeded in this, and was walking with him at Auteuil on Sunday when Emilienne came face to face with them. Maddened with jealousy she buried a stiletto in the girl's chest. Emilienne is now in prison and her rival in hospital.

DROWNED IN OLIVE OIL.

Baptiste Allege, employed by Messrs. Collard at Marseilles, slipped into a vat containing sixteen feet of olive oil, and was drowned before help arrived.

VEGETARIAN PEERS.

Separate Menu Necessary at Society Dinners for the Eccentric.

Vegetarianism has become so popular of late among members of the peerage that no society dinner is complete without a separate menu of "fad" dishes for the food reformer.

The majority of the vegetarians among the possessors of strawberry leaves are known as "Wallacettes," or devotees of the system of food reform introduced by Mr. Joseph Wallace. Their pet aversions are salt and all kinds of fermented foods.

Lady Henry Somerset has been a most ardent follower of the new diet for the past year. Her menus include only bread, fruit, and vegetables. She believes that a vegetable diet for the masses would eliminate the drink evil.

Lady Paget strongly advocates the use of apples as food to allay the craving for drink.

Lord Charles Beresford, fighting man that he is, has become a convert to vegetarianism, and his youthfulness is attributed to a well-regulated diet.

Mr. George Bernard Shaw has made himself famous as a vegetarian by his flings at the meat-eating public. He has called meat foods "scorched corpses," and has said that when he dies he wants all the animals he has not eaten to attend his funeral.

Other prominent advocates of the vegetarian diet are the Countess of Essex, Lady Windsor, Lady Gwendolen Herbert, Lady Hamilton, Mrs. C. Leigh Hunt Wallace, and the Earl of Buchan.

UNFASHIONABLE GEMS.

Bond-street Jeweller Says Women Cannot Now Afford To Wear Real Pearls.

Very few real pearls are now bought, says "Truth" owing to the perfection obtained in making sham ones.

But, as a Bond-street jeweller remarked yesterday to the *Daily Mirror*: "Though most of the pearls now worn by ladies of fashion are imitation, they deceive nobody except those who know absolutely nothing about them."

"Pearls are not bought so much as diamonds, because they are not so safe an investment, as they sometimes lose their beauty."

"So, now that ladies lose largely at bridge, and keep expensive motor-cars, their pearls are the first things they sell."

TWELVE DAYS' START.

Cardiff Authorities Still Seeking Heathfield and Confident of Capturing Him.

The man Heathfield still eludes capture at the hands of the Cardiff police.

The chief constable informed the *Daily Mirror* yesterday that he was confident that the runaway would be tracked down despite the fact that he has been at large for twelve days.

The police are keenly anxious to effect his recapture. One prisoner at the Cardiff Police Court yesterday complained that when he was arrested the constable took him for Heathfield.

He came up behind him and suddenly grabbed him by the neck. The police version was that the man, who was drunk, caused a disturbance, and the crowd called out "Heathfield."

SEATS FOR THE PEERS.

King's Foundation-Stone Laying of the New G.P.O. Building To Be a Stately Function.

The King has promised to lay the foundation-stone of the new branch of the General Post Office in London in October. The intelligence is conveyed in the following letter the Postmaster-General has sent to the Lord Chancellor:—

"General Post Office, London.
"My Lord,—His Majesty the King has graciously consented to lay the foundation-stone of the new Post Office building on the site of the former Bluecoat School, on October 16 next.

"I wish to reserve as many seats as possible for the use of officials connected with the Post Office, but I shall be glad to place a limited number at the disposal of any members of the House of Lords who may care avail themselves of them.

"The names of those who desire to have seats should reach me not later than September 15."

SEASIDE PRIZE-WINNERS.

The four half-guineas awarded in connection with the photographic group taken at Worthing reproduced in Tuesday's issue of the *Daily Mirror* go to:—Mr. P. H. Langley, 118, Upland-road, East Dulwich, S.E.; Master Percy Leonard Cole, 18, Warwick-road, Worthing; Mrs. M. A. Stennett, 49, Cromwell-road, Peterborough; Miss D. M. Anderson, c/o Mrs. Carter, Fernbank, Christ Church-road, Worthing.

"COUSIN" OF LORD GUERNSEY.

Clever Rogue Masquerades as an
Officer and Robs Barracks.

COLOSSAL IMPUDENCE.

With a genius for impersonation, a military bearing, and a skilful audacity worthy of higher aims, Frederick Tasney has led a life of picturesque fraud.

The career, full of risks and excitement, and affording many opportunities of studying the credulity of trusting human nature, has had its drawbacks, as Tasney himself would probably have been prepared to admit as he stood in the dock at the Clerkenwell Sessions yesterday.

It is subject to terms of enforced retirement—one of them (three and a half years' penal servitude) being allotted him yesterday by Mr. Loveland-Loveland, who considered the unchecked exercise of Tasney's talents not conducive to the welfare of society. Moreover, when he is restored to liberty, his movements will be tempered by the discipline of two years' police supervision.

Tasney's tastes have all tended in a military direction. His penchant were barracks, and he appears to have done very well out of them at times when he was not in residence at Dartmoor.

Posed as Lieutenant.

When he left that place of seclusion last July—certain doubtful transactions at barracks was responsible for his presence there—he returned to his old methods.

He threw aside the convict's garb in favour of a hired officer's uniform and blossomed forth into the free world again as a full-blown lieutenant.

He looked and acted the part so well that when he approached any barracks sentinels saluted him and officers' servants regarded him as of the class who ruled them.

One day he put in an appearance at some London barracks. He was, he said, cousin to Lord Guernsey.

No one doubted him. Lord Guernsey was out—Tasney knew that. But Tasney was diffidently escorted to Lord Guernsey's rooms. Here he sat down and wrote some letters. When he left the noble officer's gold watch and chain accompanied him.

Woolwich Barracks were favoured with a visit from him. In all directions he was saluted, and he blithely went to the officers' quarters, where he appropriated valuables on quite a liberal scale.

Charming Audacity.

At the officers' quarters at Chatham, where the same deferential greetings and childlike trust were his lot, the cash-box of Lieutenant Vernon Guise excited his interest.

He took it away with him, but here was a difficulty—it was locked. Tasney felt that it would not be quite the thing to rudely force open the cash-box of a gentleman, so he went to a jeweller's. "I have left the key of this box at home," he said, with simple charm. "Could you open it?" The jeweller effusively obliged, and Tasney left. Lieutenant Guise has not seen his cash-box since.

But Tasney not only stole the lieutenant's cash-box. He appropriated his name and personality, and the harvest he reaped in the way of monetary advances helped to soothe his conscience.

It may be said that Tasney was greatly assisted by the fact that he has been in fourteen regiments, from which he either deserted or was discharged.

In his present "regiment" he will find "the officers' quarters" a little more difficult of access.

MISSING SOLICITOR.

Anxiety As To The Whereabouts of a Member
of Well-Known Midland Law Firm.

Great mystery and anxiety prevail as to the whereabouts of Mr. Percy Shakespeare, of the firm of Messrs. Shakespeare and Co., well-known solicitors of Birmingham.

A few days ago the bailiffs took possession of the offices and inquiries showed that Mr. Shakespeare had not been at the office since Wednesday of last week, nor had he slept at home since then.

The firm was at one time one of the chief law concerns in Birmingham.

"SEPH" FOR SHORT.

Much amusement was caused at Hanley Police Court in a case in which a lad whose name appeared on the list as "Sefna Brunt" was charged.

The youth said his real name was "Seph," the mother thought it was "Steffanah," but could not spell it, and the magistrate suggested it might be "Zephaniah." Finally the lad was called "Seph" for short.

VOTE BEFORE CHILD.

Socialist Charged with Wilful Murder for
Letting His Daughter Die Untended.

The arrest of Walter Joseph Gammon, the Edmonton Socialist, on a charge of the wilful murder of his child under unprecedented circumstances has caused intense excitement in the neighbourhood.

The child died of starvation, and at the inquest it was stated that the man refused to allow any application for Poor-law relief on the ground that if such application were made he would lose his vote.

The jury returned a verdict that the child died of starvation brought about by the wilful neglect of the father, whereupon the coroner remarked that this was a verdict of wilful murder, and had Gammon arrested.

Now it is stated that the members of the jury themselves were amazed at the dramatic result of their own decision.

Gammon was brought up before Mr. Cloudesley at the Tottenham Police Court yesterday charged "on the warrant of the coroner for the Duchy of Lancaster" with wilful murder.

Inspector Marriott, who arrested Gammon, said the man made no reply when formally charged. He said nothing whilst in the dock, and was remanded, his father being allowed to interview him in the cell.

A case in which a little seven-year-old boy was first sold to another man for 6d. and left by his parents to starve, whilst his father went on a holiday, came before the Bradford Court yesterday.

The callous parents—Arthur Firth and Ada Smith—were sentenced to two months' hard labour.

MR. COFFIN AS HAMLET.

Musical Comedy Favourite May Shortly Be
Seen as a Tragedian.

Will Mr. Hayden Coffin continue to delight London audiences with his fine voice, or will he develop into a tragedian?

This all-important question is agitating theatrical circles at the present moment, for it is said that the musical comedy favourite has for some time wished to take up serious drama.

Mr. George Edwardes's agent, Mr. G. E. Minor, told the *Daily Mirror* that, of course, Mr. Coffin was in the position to pick and choose, and might accept any good offer he received.

"I believe," said Mr. Minor, "that if Mr. Coffin received an offer to act Hamlet to-morrow, and this suited his engagements, he would accept it."

BROKE SIXTY WINDOWS.

Impatient Pauper Shows His Displeasure
Because His Tea Was Not Ready.

Because his tea was not ready a pauper inmate of the Blackburn Workhouse smashed sixty windows with a poker to show his displeasure at being kept waiting.

The mayor, in passing sentence of three months' hard labour, expressed surprise that he was allowed to do so much damage, and when informed that he was standing in a fighting attitude with only his shirt on, said: "What does it matter whether he was in his shirt or trousers?"

FUTILE "BLACK LIST."

Magistrate Forced to Beg Irreclaimable "To
Give Someone Else a Turn."

After having been only one day out of prison, Kate Armstrong, a widow, aged forty-nine, yesterday at Lambeth made her 201st appearance in a police court.

"Do you plead guilty?" said the magistrate. "No, sir," said Kate, "I was drinking ginger beer." Now this was a statement not easily to be believed, as she had been found lying, in a helpless condition, across Kennington-road tram-lines. "Really," said the magistrate, "I wish you would give someone else a turn. We are all so sick and tired of you. I suppose there is nothing for it. You will have to go back again for another month."

DUTCHMAN'S LITTLE WEAKNESS.

"Special observation is always kept on Dutch boats, because of the frequent smuggling aboard them," said a Customs officer yesterday.

He had found £5 worth of uncustomed goods in the house of Johannes Klock, a Dutch barber, so, to induce the Dutchman to keep to his own trade, the Tower Bridge magistrates fined him £15.

TRAMCAR AS SUNDAY SCHOOL.

Many of London's old horse-tramcars have found their way into Lincolnshire, where they are used as sleeping-rooms for potato-pickers.

One has actually become a small Sunday school at Sutton-on-Dowdyke, near Boston.

ARCTIC ROMANCE.

Approaching Marriage of the Leader
of the Ziegler Expedition.

TWO YEARS' SUSPENSE.

An interesting romance lies behind the arrival of the Ziegler North Pole expedition in London.

Mr. Anthony Fiala, the leader of the rescued party, lost for two years in Polar ice, is about to claim as the recompense of his privations in the Arctic Circle the hand of a fair young girl in America.

On his return to America he will lead to the altar Miss Clara Puryear, a school teacher, of Nashville, Tennessee.

Miss Puryear, who is a relative of Commander Maury, of the United States Navy, had been wooed by Mr. Fiala since he met her under rather romantic circumstances eight years ago, and gave her promise to be his wife just before he left on his voyage in 1893.

For two years the brave girl has waited for news of her vanished lover, and her joy when the return of the rescued party was announced was extreme. Mr. Fiala first saw his future bride at a celebration in the New York State Building at the Nashville Exposition on Brooklyn Day. He was there as a member of a smart volunteer militia organisation of Brooklyn.

Mr. Anthony Fiala was a Brooklyn artist and newspaper photographer at the time he went with the first Ziegler Arctic expedition, under the command of Evelyn Baldwin, in 1901. Owing to differences among those in charge of it, the expedition returned after a year without having accomplished anything toward the success of Arctic research.

When the late Mr. Ziegler decided to dispatch another expedition on the same vessel Baldwin had commanded, it was agreed that someone who had gone on the first expedition should be in charge, and Mr. Fiala was selected. He was the youngest man ever placed at the head of an exploring party setting out for the North Pole, being only thirty-four years old.

GHOSTS AT PECKHAM.

Two Phantom Women Who Appear at
Windows and Beckon to Gaping Crowds.

Peckham, having lost its fat boy, is again content, for it has a haunted house. Whether the ghosts, who are supposed to inhabit the residence, which is a large, empty, three-storeyed tenement in Queen's-road, exist only in imagination is immaterial.

The important fact is that the borough is taking them seriously.

The spectres are two, both women, and they appear at night at the uppermost window, and beckon to people below.

Now Queen's-road is practically impassable at certain hours owing to the crowds that assemble to witness the apparition.

THE £500 MONEY SHOWER.

Incidents of "Answers" Great Cash
Distribution.

The distribution by the proprietors of "Answers" of £500 in sovereigns and £5 notes to readers in 350 different centres in the British Islands continues to attract widespread interest. Twenty-eight towns were visited yesterday, ranging from Limerick to Alloa, and from Boston to Truro; while twenty-seven fresh places will have their opportunity to-day.

In the Isle of Man "Mr. Answers" duly arrived at Douglas, and walking along the Marine Drive he soon spied a copy of the orange-covered paper in the hands of a police sergeant, who had come to the island for a holiday with his wife and three children. The sight of the £5 was almost too much for the sergeant, who turned pale and could hardly believe his luck; while his wife exclaimed, "We have been saving for years for this holiday. We could not have one before as the children were so small. We scarcely believed that the money would be given away for nothing, and to think that we are the lucky ones! I feel I could scream!"

A VERY "WEARY WILLIE."

Chronic weariness is the complaint from which Thomas Douglas, a powerfully-built pauper of Marylebone, suffers.

When put to do his task, he went to sleep for most of the day, said the master at the Marylebone Police Court yesterday, and had slept away his time since Sunday.—Two weeks' hard labour.

The report that Lord Balfour of Burleigh is in Switzerland is incorrect; he does not intend to go abroad this autumn.

DRUIDS AT STONEHENGE.

Ceremonies To Be Performed To-day
Among Weird Stones.

"Reserved—Druids only." Shade of Boudicca, Druids in a special train! Such is the sight that may be witnessed at Waterloo at 9.20 this morning, when the Ancient Order of Druids start on their pilgrimage to Stonehenge, the temple of their order in the days before history began.

At Waterloo they will not be distinguishable from their modern fellow-men, but at Stonehenge they will be clad in the ceremonial bravery of snowy robes and cowls, and all the mystic trappings of their mystic order.

At three o'clock the ceremony of the day will begin with a procession of grand lodge officers in full regalia, followed by the Druidical bands in their white robes. All the Druids will form a living avenue in the innermost circle, through which the "Grand Arch" will proceed to the sacrificial stone.

The initiation ceremony will then take place, when among the candidates for admission to the order will be Sir E. Antrobus, who, it may be supposed, has ascertained that human sacrifice no longer forms part of the rite. Otherwise, seeing that he has closed Stonehenge to the public, he might hesitate before placing himself in the hands of the Druids!

The ceremony over, the Druids will take tea—surely meekly had been more appropriate!—and at 7.30 p.m. they will start for Waterloo and the twentieth century.

DRIVEN FROM EUROPE.

French Furrier Signs a Bond Not to Trade
on This Continent.

Only when too late did a French furrier realise the far-reaching effect of a bond he had signed with a French firm, undertaking not to carry on his business anywhere in Europe.

"Well, there are Asia, Africa, and America open to you," said the North London magistrate yesterday when the furrier applied for advice. "There is no opening for my trade in Asia, or Africa," was the reply, "and I don't intend going to America."

Believing that the agreement would not hold good in this country, being in restraint of trade, the magistrate advised the applicant to consult a solicitor.

CHILD IN FLAMES.

Never a Policeman at Hand To Keep
Mischievous Boys Within Bounds.

Little Hannah Peat, a four-year-old child living at Barking, was sent out to buy some sweets, and a little later her grandmother saw her rushing across the fields a mass of flames.

She ran to her aid, with the aid of a passer-by, extinguished the fire, but the girl was so seriously burnt that she died in Poplar Infirmary.

Some boys were making a fire in a bucket which they swung about, and it is thought the child had ventured too near. The lads in the neighbourhood, said the mother, were always indulging in this dangerous pastime, and anyone remonstrating with them was abused.

A juror (at yesterday's inquest at Poplar): The police should stop it.

Another juror: There are not enough police about. You may go ten miles in Barking without meeting one constable. The whole town could be set on fire.

Verdict of Accidental Death.

DEAD MAN'S PROPHECY.

"It Will Be a Cruel Winter for All," Writes a
Disabled Workman.

Since he was injured last February, while working at Mr. Pierpont Morgan's house, Marwood, R. Slade had been under the delusion that everybody was laughing at him because he could not work.

"It is very sad for me," he wrote last Monday. "The pain in my heart at times is cruel, and I could not sleep for months. It is hard brother would not give me a job. His time will come, and quicker than he thinks, for it will be a cruel winter for all. All hope is gone from me."

After writing this letter Slade cut his throat. A verdict of Suicide whilst temporarily insane was returned at the inquest yesterday.

HIS TONGUE AN UNRULY MEMBER.

Yesterday the magistrates at the Guildhall dismissed the summons against Mr. Bagshaw, a merchant, charged with striking Mr. Taneborne, a motor-car owner.

Defendant alleged that he acted in self-protection, as the car nearly ran him down, and when he remonstrated with the owner he put out his tongue.

BACHELOR GIRL'S UNHAPPY FLIGHT.

Although Independent and Admired
Cannot Find a Husband.

MARRIAGE A LOTTERY.

Letters continue to crowd our letter-box on the subject of "Are Wives a Help or a Hindrance?" We print a selection from the number received:—

MARRIAGE A LOTTERY.

Marriage is quite as much a lottery as the lucky tub at a charity bazaar.

Perhaps you are lucky, perhaps you are not, and judging by the correspondence, in nine cases out of ten you are not. So is it not better to take "Punch's" advice to "those about to marry"? Don't! The risk is too great.

A HAPPY BACHELOR.

A GRATEFUL HUSBAND.

If I live to be 100 years old I can never repay my wife for all her love and devotion to me. Had it not been for her I should not have got over a dangerous illness and never have known true happiness in life.

My wife has been a help in every way, and I would not be without her for all the wealth of Rockefeller.
T. MAISHALL,
6, Raasby-street, Chelsea, S.W.

NOT VALUED WHEN WON.

An engaged man reminds one of a cat that is endeavouring to catch a mouse. The anticipation of getting it within its claws is the greatest enjoyment. No sooner does pussy win his prize than he walks off, seemingly disgusted.

Such is the conduct of the man who tries to win a girl's affection. All is bliss during the courting and engagement, but, alas! after marriage the novelty wears off.
C. W.

Honor Oak Park.

"WASTING THEIR SWEETNESS."

"A London Bachelor" is much in the same plight as "bachelor girls" living in the country or in small towns, where men are in the minority.

Take myself. I am considered good-looking and good-tempered. I have an income of my own. I am a good housekeeper and accomplished. Yet I rarely see a man I would care to marry.

I have had plenty of attention and admiration from men, but they invariably think they have not enough to settle down upon.

A YORKSHIRE GIRL.

ONCE IN A LIFETIME.

Solomon, the man of wisdom, pointed out long ago how difficult it was to find a good wife, and St. Paul, the man of holiness, certainly considered a wife a hindrance and not a help. How, then, shall we ordinary mortals hope to find treasures?

I do not think it fair to suggest that they were to be found more easily a century ago than they are to-day. Luckily for the propagation of the race the ordinary man, at least once in a lifetime, fancies he has been the lucky finder of the treasure. The disillusionment which almost invariably follows ought to improve his character, but too often it has the opposite effect.
MIRRORETFE.

MARRIED AND MARRED.

I do not agree with your correspondent, Janet St. Quentin, when she says that in time a man nearly always tires of his wife.

If he does so the fault is hers. If she manages her house properly and dresses neatly and tastefully, there is no reason why her husband should tire of her. In my own case it is only my children that still keep me to my home—there is no other attraction where all is mismanagement, untidiness, extravagance—in fact, I never go out without them with me.

My experience teaches me that girls deserve all they get if they are such fools as not to study their husbands and homes. I have no pity for them, and if it were not for the consolation of my children I should unhesitatingly assert that most married men are men marred for the struggle for existence.
J. DUCKWORTH.

DOMESTICATED BUSINESS GIRLS.

It is to be hoped the opinion expressed by "A London Bachelor"—that City girls cannot be expected to make good wives—is not shared by other bachelors (London or otherwise).

I am a secretary, and my hours are from ten to five; yet I do plenty of domestic work, cook, and make nearly all my own dresses, and this I know to be the case with thousands of other girls employed in the City.

In my opinion a girl who has seen something of the world, and knows what to expect from it, is better able to be a help to her husband than one who has never been away from home.

Such a one expects to be pampered and made much of by her husband, and when things go wrong wants to go back to her mother.

I, for one, am not ashamed to sign myself,
A CITY GIRL.

Enterprise Club, Leadenhall-street.

LAST NIGHT'S NEWS ITEMS.

The Highgate magistrates yesterday granted 1,172 summonses against rate defaulters and 160 against excessive rent-payers.

Twenty-one decrees nisi in matrimonial causes were made absolute in the Vacation Court by Mr. Justice Lawrence yesterday.

Lack of a mortuary at Northwich necessitated a man's body on which an inquest was held being placed in a public-house stable.

So great is the pressure obtained from a recently discovered spring at Thurlby, Lincs., that the water rises 25ft. in the air and the yield is 170,000 gallons daily.

Frightening passengers by firing a revolver from a railway carriage on the London and South-Western Railway cost Arthur Parr £5 yesterday at Westminster.

On the very day he should have been discharged from prison William Rhodes, sixty-one, of Hurst, near Ashton-under-Lyne, who had been committed for obstructing the highway, succumbed to heart failure in Preston Gaol.

Determined efforts are being made at Wilmslow and in various other Cheshire districts to put a stop to confetti-throwing at weddings. Notices of warning are posted at each wedding at Wilmslow parish church, the practice being described as a "nuisance and a scandal."

STRIKERS' CAMP IN YORKSHIRE.



The camp occupied by strikers of the New Hemsworth Colliery, who have been evicted from their homes. There is, of course, no adequate water supply or sanitation, and the camp threatens to become a danger to public health.

Scarlet fever is on the increase in Leeds, there being fifty-nine cases in the hospital.

"Lockjaw is often caused by bad teeth," said a doctor at the Southwark Coroner's Court yesterday.

Leave was given in the Vacation Court yesterday to creditors for £70 to bring forward a petition next Wednesday for the winding-up of the Brighton Coliseum, Limited.

Glasgow Volunteer commanders, having made their protest, will, it is hoped, parade their men at the royal review in Edinburgh next month. The corporation will be asked for £750 towards the expenses.

Three summonses by the London and North Western Railway Company against Horton Harrell for falsely describing goods were, by agreement, yesterday allowed to stand adjourned at the Guildhall till October 18.

Twelve quarrymen from Ballaculish have been punished at Oban for bursting into the house of a manager and compelling him to write a resignation of his position. The culprits pleaded that the unpopularity of the manager drove them to it.

Owing to the accommodation in the Dominion liner Canada having been bespoken by other emigrants, the 200 Doukhobors who are passing through this country on their way to Canada will be detained in Liverpool at the expense of the shipping company for another week.

Dr. Priestly, medical officer of Lambeth, reports that "marriage is becoming very unpopular in the borough" owing to housing difficulties.

Considerable damage was caused by a fire which broke out yesterday in the storeroom of the Government building in course of erection in Westminster.

Lord Castlereagh, son of Lord Londonderry, will, it is understood, be the Unionist candidate for North Belfast, the seat vacant by the death of Sir James Haslett.

Buxton, just now crowded with holiday-makers, was plunged into darkness a whole evening by a breakdown at the electric light works, and candles and lamps had to be resorted to.

Tunbridge Wells Corporation has failed in hoping to be one of the most profitable of its municipal undertakings. An excellent crop has been produced this year and is now being picked.

Haywards Heath Urban Council, who were presented with a public hall twelve months ago on condition that it was maintained for the benefit of the inhabitants, have been surcharged £252, the amount spent on upkeep.

Red triangles erected in the neighbourhood by the county council as motor-car danger signals have been adversely criticised by the Ringmer (Sussex) Parish Council, one member expressing the opinion that they were "too much like pale ale signs."

MIGHTY SAND CITY.

Blackpool Keenly Interested in
"Daily Mirror" Contest.

SOUTHPORT'S TURN NEXT.

So successful was the *Daily Mirror* sand-castle contest at Blackpool yesterday that a second competition will be held at the popular Lancashire resort in the course of the next ten or fourteen days.

Juvenile Christopher Wrens were hard at work with bucket and spade at ten a.m. yesterday, and hundreds of spectators lined the roads commanding a view of the 150 yards of golden sands set aside for the little competitors.

The designs, which were a tribute to the ingenuity and resource of youth, included excellent representations of lions, crocodiles, and fish. There was also a real city.

"Why this beats Blackpool's record," said a councillor to the *Daily Mirror*. "Our town has grown quickly enough to an enormous size, but here is a real city with a cathedral, barracks, forts, monuments, and graveyards, all sprung up in three hours."

So it was, for at one o'clock, when Alderman Fish (Deputy Mayor), Councillor Hill, Mr. Derham (chief constable), and Mr. Charles Norden came to judge, they almost lost themselves in the labyrinth of streets of a mighty sand metropolis.

A rendezvous was finally decided on at the *Daily Mirror* flagstaff, and the judges set off to explore the wonders of this city of mushroom, or sand, growth.

After many wandings and much admiration of the public buildings the Mayors of Blackpool (Mrs. Brodie) handed the prizes of two guineas, one guinea, and 10s. 6d. to—
Edgar Bland, 4, White View, Bradford (first).
T. Eastham, 9, Caroline-street, Blackpool (second).
H. Blackshaw, 30, Nell-road, Sheffield (third).
Southport's turn comes to-morrow, when a similar contest begins at two o'clock.

RAPID RALLY IN CONSOLS.

Improving Prospects of Peace Cheer the Stock Exchange.

CAPEL COURT, Wednesday Evening.—A great change came over the Stock Markets to-day, and in place of the feeling of depression which prevailed yesterday, there was quite a cheerful, not to say buoyant, tendency in nearly all departments. Dealings in the American market were on an active scale, and prices were at the outset put a long way above the New York equivalent. Wall Street accepted our higher prices in the afternoon, and the close was strong.

Consols rallied to 90½, as there was a much more optimistic feeling concerning the prospects of peace. Other gilt-edged securities hardened in sympathy.

Japanese bonds had a rapid recovery, the new rallying to 1½ premium, and Russians also rallied sharply on the change in views concerning the outlook for peace.

Kaffirs advanced with other things in the morning, but the absence of support from Paris and the apathy of the public here brought about a reaction before the close, which was dull. West Indians were quiet and uninteresting, but West Africans were a little more in favour and rather firmer.

In the Miscellaneous group Pekin Syndicates and Shansis attracted attention as a result of the brighter peace prospects, and Hudson's Bays were strong, in sympathy with their Canadian things. There was bidding for Anglo-American Telegraph "A," and in the Argentine land group Santa Fé Lands were bid up to 43s. 9d.

SOUND

Industrial Investment

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£25	" "	£5 5 0
£12 10 0	" "	£4 4 0

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£500 GIVEN AWAY THIS WEEK BY "ANSWERS." £500

Carry this Week's "ANSWERS." It may mean Gold for You.

That is all you have to do—carry "Answers."

NOTICE TO READERS.

The Editorial, Advertising, and General Business Offices of the *Daily Mirror* are:—
12, WHITEHARTS-STREET, LONDON, E.C.
TELEPHONES: 1310 and 2190 Holborn.
TELEGRAPHIC ADDRESS: "Reflex," London.
PARIS OFFICE: 3, Place de la Madeleine.

Daily Mirror

THURSDAY, AUGUST 24, 1905.

IS ALL FAIR IN WAR?

SUPPOSE that Russia were, after all, to persist in refusing Japan's terms of peace, what is the utmost she could hope to do? To fight Japan to a standstill. To keep the war on until Japan became financially ruined.

She cannot expect to beat the Mikado's armies in open fight. The only course she could follow would be to change her tactics and strive to injure her adversary in another way. That is the course many Russians are advocating even now.

Now, if two men agreed to settle their differences with their fists and one of them, finding he could not beat the other in an honourable manner, said to himself, "Well, I'll keep on, for I see I can soon get a chance to kick him in the jaw and end it that way"—conduct like that we should certainly call unfair and despicable.

Yet few of us appear to feel any indignation when Russia talks of behaving in an exactly analogous way. The usual answer to unfavourable comment upon strategy such as this is that "All's fair in love and war," which amounts to a denial that in a struggle between nations there is any such thing as a standard of "straightness" or an honourable understanding as to "hitting below the belt."

Proverbs often live on long after they have ceased to sum up a popular sentiment. Is not this the case in point? Do we still regard everything as being fair in war? No, the civilised nations certainly do not. There are even certain practices which the world has definitely agreed to regard as unfair.

For example, poisoning of wells has been ruled out. The killing of prisoners has long been regarded as an atrocity. Leaving wounded men to suffer on the field of battle without medical aid would be accounted a method of barbarism. A bogus flag of truce is a trick, once common, to which nowadays only savages would stoop.

It is plain, therefore, that although we frequently hear the saying quoted that "All's fair in love and war," it is no longer an accurate expression of a general feeling. At the same time, there is still (as the present situation shows us) far too much latitude left to combatants as to the means they may adopt to best their enemies. What we want is a set of Queensberry Rules for the struggles between nations, as well as for boxing contests between single men.

By these rules fair play is guaranteed. A man cannot be hit when he is down. If he becomes entangled in the ropes around the ring he must be given a chance to get clear. If he is knocked down, and does not rise within a certain number of seconds, the other man is declared the winner.

How much less protracted, and therefore how much more humane, wars would be if they were fought under a recognised code. One thing which the code would certainly forbid would be such meanness as Russians talk of when they declare in favour of continuing the war merely in order to ruin Japan financially.

Can such an aim be any justification in the sight of God or man for renewing the slaughter in Manchuria? Look at our front page pictures of the horrors of a battle. They fill one with pity and despair. Such hideous maltreatment of humanity ought only to be allowed when it is absolutely unpreventable.

Out there between Mukden and Harbin the Japanese are reported to have an army of a million men. The Russian forces are estimated at 600,000. Ought these unparalleled masses of men, armed with more deadly weapons of precision than the world has ever known, to be flung at one another merely because a beaten side thinks it sees its way to deal the enemy an unfair blow?

No one with any humanity or any sporting instinct could answer the question save with an emphatic "No." B. R.

A THOUGHT FOR TO-DAY.

Peu de bien, peu de soin. (Little wealth, little care).—*French Proverb.*

THIS MORNING'S GOSSIP.

THE Prince and Princess of Waldeck and Pyrmont, who are to entertain the Duke of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha and his mother, the Duchess of Albany, at Pyrmont, this week, belong to one of the most important families in Germany, and are closely related to several reigning houses of Europe. The Prince is the brother of his guest, the Duchess of Albany, and the uncle of the Queen of Holland. He is only just forty, and looks even younger than that, with his distinctively German military manner, and the fashion of wearing the moustache, which all patriotic members of the Fatherland seem to borrow from the Kaiser.

One of the prettiest of German Princesses is the Princess of Waldeck-Pyrmont's sister, Elizabeth. She is fairly well known in England, and visits London from time to time. It is said that the Princess Elizabeth had many offers of marriage before she accepted Prince Alexander of Erbach-Schönberg, five years ago. She preferred, for several years, a single life, in spite of the fact that her allowance as a Princess was a very modest one. Her two sisters had only £5,000 apiece for their marriage.

considering that she has only been in Ireland a very short time, she had a most successful party, Lord and Lady Dudley came with all their guests now staying at the Viceregal Lodge, Lord and Lady Iveagh came with friends from Farnleigh, and Lady Annesley, Lady Fingall, Lady Arnott, and other leaders of Dublin society were present.

Lady Doreen Long is Irish. Her father was the late Lord Cork, and her mother is the sister of Lord Clanricarde. She is very well known in London society, and for the last few years has been a most successful hostess. She somewhat resembles her sisters, Lady North Hodgson and Lady Emily Alexander, and is one of the very few ladies in London who wear an eyeglass.

It seems that the illness of Lady Currie is still causing her friends a good deal of anxiety. She is at Harrogate, where Lord Currie goes every year for the cure. Lady Currie is a brilliant and attractive woman, who has made hundreds of friends at Constantinople and in Rome, where her husband was recently Ambassador. She was a widow when she married Lord Currie about ten

it possible for her to walk without either crutch or stick. Everybody will hope that this courageous and popular lady may at last be completely cured.

Sir Allan and Lady Mackenzie will have many shooting parties this autumn at Brackley House, Deeside. Sir Allan is a very good shot, and is frequently invited to join the King's party. Since the death of their son, Mr. James Mackenzie, three or four years ago, Sir Allan and Lady Mackenzie have been seen hardly anywhere in the social world, for his death was a very great blow to them.

THROUGH THE "MIRROR."

THE FAILURE OF SCIENCE.

I have read with much interest the discussion re science and faith in the Bible.

I am neither a scientist nor a theologian, but have for many years had complete faith in God and the Bible, and have always thought that many people are driven and tossed about by doubt through forgetting the saying of Jesus: "Except ye receive the kingdom of Heaven as a little child ye shall in no wise enter therein."

I am encouraged to write this by the "Thought for To-day" in this morning's *Daily Mirror*, Ruskin's "Childhood often holds a truth in its feeble fingers which the grasp of manhood cannot retain, and which it is the pride of age to recover."

Personally, I do not think, in regard to the truth about God and the Bible, that anyone would be justified in saying that manhood cannot retain it. Queen-square, W.C. H. J. THOMPSON.

Mr. Ernest Park, in boasting what science has done, does not look back to see that if it was not for Christianity science would not stand as it does to-day. P. E. S.

LORD CURZON AND THE "INDIAN CIVIL."

One reason of Lord Curzon's unpopularity in India was his determination to make the Civil Service "sit up."

From time immemorial it has been customary for joint magistrates, assistant magistrates, assistant district superintendents of police, and other young officers, to attend the courts of justice attired in negligee, unshaven, and to smoke evil-smelling cheroots of native manufacture while administering the law.

Lord Curzon rightly drew the line at these unseemly habits, and hinted—in his usual forceful manner—that he would have none of it, while his treatment of senior officials who, like Sam Weller, believe in "ease before elegance," was certainly not more than the delinquents deserve.

In his august eyes a white drill suit, a cricket-shirt, and a "cummerbund" were an abomination, and when worn in "kitchens" they roused him to action.

Intelligent Anglo-Indians, however, admit that, though Lord Curzon has given more offence than satisfaction to the official class, he has done much to raise the fallen prestige of the conquering race. Belmont House, W. G. C.

CHANGE IN HOSPITAL NURSES.

You mention that an eminent Harley-street physician says the children's hospitals are all crammed with complaints of the heat. If those hospitals were to ask the public to subscribe £400 a year there could easily be homes by the sea for some of these poor children. But hospitals all spend too much money. When I was a hospital nurse we nurses had to wait on ourselves. Now they have nurses' maids. When we went to cases we had our patient's room to keep clean. Now they want the servants of the house to do that.

If nurses were made to do more for themselves hospitals could save money and do more good. Rye, Sussex. FORMERLY A NURSE.

"BARBARIC EARRINGS."

I have always been much interested in the subject of earrings, both as ornaments and also for their to-me-undoubted efficacy as a cure for weak and inflamed eyes, and the relief they give in cases of severe headache, etc.

I speak from personal experience—my ears having been pierced whilst I was a small boy, suffering from very bad eyes.

My earrings created a good deal of comment amongst my school-fellows, but I soon got over that, and the cure was so rapid and complete that I was soon able to discard the rings, although I still seek relief when suffering from an occasional headache by wearing a rather heavy pair for an hour or two. WEARER OF EARRINGS.

IN MY GARDEN.

AUGUST 23.—The garden, if we are intelligent pupils, can teach us a lesson worth remembering every day. Before summer passes let me recommend amateurs to take written notes about their flowers, which may be of use to them in the future. This border contains two clumps of clasp, that bed was flowerless in June—make a note of it.

Still more interesting it is to keep a garden diary, "chronicling" each day's events, each day's hopes, joys, and fears: Round the fire on some roaring winter night it makes a sweet book to read. E. F. T.

WHO WILL INDEMNIFY CHINA?



Most of the fighting during the war in the Far East has taken place on Chinese territory. Therefore the "Brooklyn Daily Eagle" represents that unfortunate country as a shopkeeper wondering, while Japan demands an indemnity from Russia, who is to compensate him for the damage done to his shop.

dowries, so that some German royalties are far from living in the midst of unusual luxury.

Polo is one of the great events of the present week in Dublin, and each afternoon all the fashionable world assembles on the well-laid-out ground close to the Viceregal Lodge, which is also within a stone's-throw of the Chief Secretary's lodge. There is a pretty little stand erected for the use of members and their friends, and some excellent play has been witnessed. The Woodpecker team who came over specially from England for the week proved too powerful for the Irish team, and scored an easy victory. The winning team consisted of Mr. William Bass, his brother-in-law, Mr. Aubrey Hastings, Captain Herbert Wilson, and Captain Lloyd.

The relationships between the members of this team are interesting. Mr. William Bass is the son of the late Mr. Hamar Bass, and inherited an enormous fortune of nearly £85,000 a year. He served throughout the war in the 10th Hussars, and two or three years ago married Lady Noreen Hastings, the sister of the present Lord Huntingdon. Mr. Aubrey Hastings is a brother of Lord Huntingdon, and, therefore, brother-in-law to Mr. Bass. Captain Herbert Wilson is the brother of Lady Huntingdon, and Captain Lloyd, who was at one time in the 5th Lancers and afterwards joined the 21st for a few months, is married to Lady Huntingdon's sister. All four are excellent polo players, and have brought over some of the finest polo ponies.

Last night Lady Doreen Long gave her first entertainment at the Chief Secretary's Lodge, and,

years ago, and had at that time a reputation in artistic circles as the authoress of the pleasant stories and poems which were published under the pseudonym of "Violet Fane." She used to live in Princes-gate, and the dinners and garden-parties she gave there were fast becoming one of the great attractions of the London season.

Then, after her second marriage, she went with her husband to Constantinople, that rather dangerous place for diplomatists, where many reputations have been marred, and where she must have missed the society to which she had become accustomed. Lord and Lady Currie were not in fact, ever thoroughly at ease in Turkey, and, after a stay of some five years there, were glad to leave for Rome. Lord Currie, by the way, has worked his way up from the lowest rung in the diplomatic ladder—he began as a junior clerk in the Foreign Office.

Lord Holmpatrick, although not actually gazetted to the 7th Hussars, has, it is understood, obtained a commission in that very smart regiment, which is expected home from South Africa some time this autumn. Lord Holmpatrick is still a minor, and is a tall, slim, fair, good-looking young fellow. On his mother's side, he is a nephew of the Duke of Wellington. A very keen sportsman, he rides and drives well.

It appears that Mrs. Arthur Paget, who has borne her long illness so heroically, is still not to be free from suffering. It is said that she is about to undergo an elaborate operation which may make

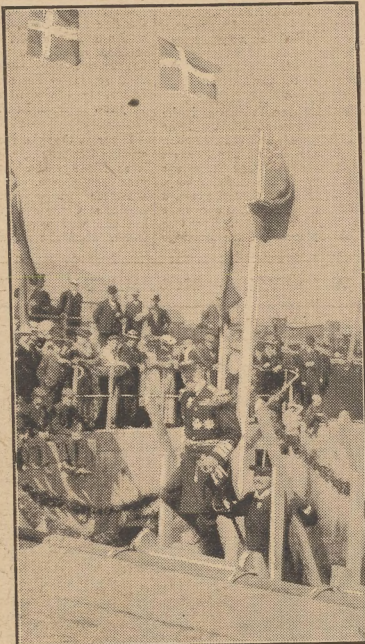
SNAPSHOTS OF THE NEWS

WORLD'S COSTLIEST SITE.



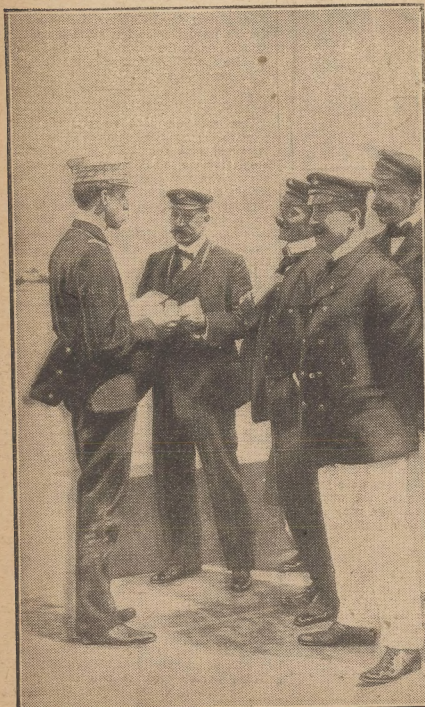
Corner plot fronting Piccadilly and St. James's-street, to be purchased by the London County Council in connection with the Piccadilly widening scheme. The area is about 1,200 square feet, and the price agreed upon is £41,000, which is at the rate of £1,488,300 an acre.

BRITISH FLEET'S CRUISE.



Admiral Sir A. K. Wilson, in command of the British fleet visiting the Baltic, landing at Esbjerg harbour in Denmark. Following the Admiral is the British Vice-Consul at the port, Mr. Nielsen.

KING ALFONSO AS SPORTSMAN.



King Alfonso of Spain, with members of the Sporting Club, snapshotted on the occasion of his visit to the regatta at Bilbao.

MILLIONAIRE LEAVES LONDON.



Mr. George Jay Gould, the present head of the Gould-railways, and one of America's multi-millionaires at Waterloo on his way back to the United States after a visit to London. Mr. Gould is on the left in our photograph.

AT THE DUBLIN HORSE SHOW.



Central Hall at the Dublin Horse Show. The show has a record number of entries this year, and there was a record attendance on the opening day.



LIVING ON FRUIT



Baron Meyer, photographed in fancy costume. He is a firm believer in the value of vegetarianism.—(Lafayette.)



A distinguished Charles Beresford, Mediterranean.

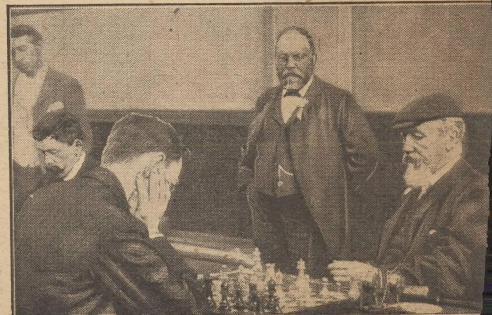


Lady Henry Somerset, the well-known social worker and philanthropist, a long time ago adopted a fruit and vegetable diet.—(Russell.)



Mr. George Beresford, philosopher, vegetarianism and belief.

NATIONAL CHESS CHAMPIONSHIP.



In the foreground of the photograph the veteran champion, Mr. Blackburne (on the right), is playing Mr. R. P. Mitchell. A feature of the play at the tournament has been the success of Mr. Atkins, the amateur player, who defeated Mr. Blackburne.

& VEGETABLES



naval vegetarian. Lord Dunsany, commanding the fleet.—(Maull and Fox.)



Baroness Meyer wearing a Bacchante costume. The Baroness is as convinced a vegetarian as her husband.—(Lafayette.)



Lord Shaw, Social Democrat and dramatist, includes among his most cherished.—(Russell.)



The Countess of Essex, a prominent supporter of the vegetarian cause. She was born in America, the daughter of Mr. Beach Grant, of New York.—(Langfrier.)

SHIP GAMES AT SOUTHPORT.



The pair in the centre of our photograph are Miss K. B. Finn, the lady champion (on the right) and Mrs. W. S. Mayfield. In the rear are Mrs. M. Miller (on the right) and Mrs. S. Anderson. Miss Finn has been playing well, and is leading for the ladies' championship.

NEWS in VIEWS

WITH THE HOP-PICKERS IN KENT.



No. 1: Party of hop-pickers in one of the special trains from London. Photographed at the Elephant and Castle Station at 5 a.m. No. 2: Three generations bound for the hop-fields. A picker with his mother and child. No. 3: Some juvenile members of a hop-picking family on their way to the fields. No. 4: Bringing on the luggage after the arrival of the party in Kent as photographed yesterday.

IS THERE A SPIRIT WORLD?

Sceptics and Believers Eagerly Continue the Discussion.

A PRIEST'S STORY.

A further selection from the many mystical adventures confided to us by our readers is printed below:—

"FOOTSTEPS OF ANGELS."

I was watching, with my two sisters, at the death-bed of a dear and beloved sister. She was dying of tuberculosis, a painful, lingering death. It was in the early morning, about two o'clock, in the month of January.

Suddenly we heard footsteps softly coming up stairs. My two sisters and I looked at one another, and my sister on the door raised her head and said, "What is that?"

We listened. Again we heard it. I felt a chilliness creep over me, and going to the door and on the landing said, "Who is there?" The sound ceased, and we resumed our watch.

Again we heard the footsteps distinctly and clearly.

My sisters came to my side, but rising from my seat I went softly to the door, which was ajar, intending to go out again on the landing, when the door slightly moved and something came into the room.

We felt it distinctly, palpably felt it.

At the same moment my dying sister seemed to awake, and she turned out her hand to me closed her two poor wasted hands over mine and whispered—calling me by my name—"There are angels hovering near. Kiss me, and say goodbye."

We all softly kissed her again and again. Then she lapsed into complete unconsciousness, and within an hour died.

This is the true and solemn experience of one who will vouch for it with his dying breath.

F. C. R.

(Licensed Priest in the Anglican Church).

A GHOSTLY COMPANION.

To say we are in the spirit world now might to some appear ambiguous. It may all the same be a truth. After thirty years' experimentalism I cannot conclude otherwise.

Many years ago, when attending a seance, the medium asked if I knew there was a man standing behind me. I replied "No." "He is there," and he has been attached to you for a long time. He is an old Greek."

Some twelve months or more elapsed when I found myself away from that district, and in the course of my experience I came across another circle presided over by a very poor yet earnest old shoemaker, in whom I found a very good clairvoyant.

I invited the old man to come and spend a day with us—which he did—and we had a "home circle." During the "circle" he corroborated the statement given me previously some sixteen miles away. I had given him no clue whatever of my previous experience, and he gave me the name.

Subsequently, when holding a "circle" at his home, he told the friends, "Mr. Thompson is coming. That old Greek has just come in, and I know Mr. Thompson is not far off when I see him."

When the door was opened to me I was told, "We knew you were coming."

Ashton-under-Lyne. I. W. THOMPSON.

SPIRITUALISTS NOT SUPERSTITIOUS.

If your correspondent, W. E. Gibson, had the least acquaintance with spiritualists, he or she would know that of all people in the world they cannot be charged with superstition. To them everything that is, is natural. There is no such word as supernatural in their vocabulary.

They are prepared to sit thrice at a table without any misgiving; and, further, if they were convinced that a poker in an inclined position over a dull fire assisted combustion, they would have no hesitation in adopting so simple a remedy.

As we look life straight in the face we observe effect. Behind effect we know there must be a cause. So we endeavour to trace the cause. This attitude we claim as scientific, although your correspondent prefers the words, "a morbid hankerling."

Fernhurst-road, S.W. WALTER TURNER.

"A WICKED AND TERRIFYING DOCTRINE."

I have followed with great interest the correspondence appearing in the columns of your excellent paper on "Is there a Spirit World?" I believe it would be a lasting benefit to a great many people, especially those who have got into the clutches of spiritualism, if you were to publish a verdict for or against.

Unless the upholders of spiritualism can submit absolute proof in support of their pretensions to communicate with the departed, the verdict is against them.

I myself absolutely denounce such wicked and terrifying doctrines, and class the heathen on a higher plane than those that profess spiritualism.

AN UPHOLDER OF THE CHRISTIAN FAITH.
3, Horsell-road, Highbury.

ALL THAT A MAN HATH.

By CORALIE STANTON and HEATH HOSKEN.

FOR NEW READERS.

What the Previous Chapters Contained.

In the manufacturing town of Stoke Magnus in the heart of the Midlands, Sabra Vallance, a beautiful young girl, lived with her uncle, Canon Vallance. Though her Aunt Ursula tried to persuade her to enter a Sisterhood, Sabra, with the call of youth and love ringing in her ears, found the sacrifice too great and gave her heart to Dick Dangerville.

Though the son and heir of a peer, he was practically penniless, she knew. But what was Sabra Vallance, whose whole being was wrapped around with the rosy mist of love's young dream?

Lord Blanquart de Balliol, Dick Dangerville's father, had lost all his splendid inheritance by a series of almost unparalleled family reverses, which culminated two years ago in the sale of Balliol Castle, one of the finest estates in England.

Samuel Swindower, who had bought Balliol Castle from Lord Blanquart, was a crafty, vulgar financier, fanatically rich.

But not all Samuel Swindower's great possessions, not the illimitable power that he had gained through his gold, could compel Lord Blanquart de Balliol and his son, beggared and living almost at the castle gates on the last remaining corner of their once splendid inheritance, to look at him, to speak to him, or to touch his hand.

Swindower had Lord Blanquart, who had been raising money on his meagre remaining possessions, in his power. The peer did not know that it was in reality Swindower who held the mortgages and bills that could not be met.

Swindower was just about to foreclose and ruin him, and Lord Blanquart arrived at the castle and sought an interview with the financier.

Swindower thought that at last the ice was broken and that he might come out on friendly visit. But it was to arrange a loan that the peer had called. He wanted ten thousand pounds, or he would be bankrupt. Then Swindower, who had been waiting for a rich man and his power, absolutely refused to arrange any loan, and threatened to ruin him. But Swindower made a proposal.

He would make Lord Blanquart a rich man again and give him back Balliol Castle and two million pounds—if he would arrange a marriage between his son and Swindower's daughter.

Lord Blanquart scorned the idea.

Swindower's next step was to call upon Sabra Vallance. He showed her all the proposals he had made to Lord Blanquart, and asked her to give up Dick Dangerville. He showed her that by doing so she could restore Lord Blanquart and his son their former wealth and splendour.

Sabra resolved to sacrifice her love, and so wrote a letter to Dick, saying she could not marry him. Then she wrote to her aunt, Lady Ursula Vallance, begging for work in the Abbey of St. Ursula, and begged for work in her settlement amongst the poor of Stoke Magnus.

When Dick receives the letter he believes that Sabra has deserted him and resolves to think of her no more.

Meanwhile Fay Swindower has heard the news that the German Grand Duke, with whom she is in love, is engaged to be married to another. She therefore consents to her father's scheme for her marriage with Dick Dangerville.

CHAPTER XIV.

"If he sold himself unworthily, at least he sold himself dear."

The thought grew to such dimensions that it made Dick Dangerville's life an intolerable burden. It must be repeated and emphasised that it was not his thought, and never would have been, but the reflection of a thought, which, through an agony bitterer than even he could fathom, had grown up in his father's mind.

He fled the house; he lengthened his walks, his desperate rambles through the beloved countryside, his circle on hills, in manly haste, like a man with the legions of hell at his heels; but the thought would not be shaken off; it was his constant companion.

When he had first ventured to put it into coherent form in his own mind it had seemed incredible, impossible. It had actually occurred to Blanquart de Balliol, to the proud old man, to whom his family was a fetish, their Castle a hall of heroes, their burying-place a Pantheon, that one might close with the offer of the arch-vulgar Cressus, that one might sell one's name to regain one's possessions. No, no! It was a thought too base, too degrading. He must have been mad when he imagined he saw that looking out of his father's eyes.

But he knew, all the time, that he was not mad, that the thought had been admitted, loathed, trampled on, violently expelled. But, once having found a lodging, could it be refused admittance again?

Dick knew that it could not; he knew it by the old peer's attitude, by his haunted look, by his unathomable silences, by the way he avoided meeting his son's eyes, by his restlessness, his painful efforts to regain his natural manner, when they were together.

A chasm yawned between father and son. They no longer saw eye to eye.

But Dick did not blame his father. In a way, he understood, as much as the young ever can understand the old. He understood that the age of actual severance had proved stronger than all else, than honour, pride, tradition. What the old man had to look forward to was like having not only one limb, but all his limbs cut off, like being doomed by some outrageous means to live on, a headless, armless, legless trunk. And so had crept in, first the shadow, and then the impenetrable night, perhaps, worst of all, the desire to capitulate, to make terms, to accept dishonour, but, with it, life.

Why not? Dick said to himself. His soul cried out the question in the woods, while he tramped, and the autumn trees seemed to blush with shame. For himself—new, but then the impenetrable night, that of that frightful torture that one could not bear to see? The old man had not many years to live. If his eyes, during his last days, should see his son lord once more over his own? Since it seemed that he could accept the condition, why not? That incredible fact once surmounted, the rest was easy. And Dick laughed harshly, cruelly

to himself, laughed aloud into the reddening branches of the trees, laughed the heart-breaking laugh of youth that has lost its way in the dark in the very morning of life.

For himself, what did it matter? He had lost everything. Nothing mattered. He had trusted a woman and been deceived, deceived, abandoned, and insulted beyond belief. Pride! It was a name, an empty word. Sabra Vallance was proud, but she had stooped to treachery. His father had been pride incarnate. But now? Why, it was in his mind that this base thought had first originated. Could pride sink lower than that?

No, pride was but the just possession of the fortunate. Beggars must go without that uplifting sense.

What else was there? Love? He had done with it; he had lost it. What did it matter whom he made his wife since Sabra had deserted him?

He turned stormy footsteps homewards, cursing the reddening leaves that blushed, where he could find no room for shame.

This was on the sixth day of the second period of grace granted by Swindower. On the next day all their final preparations were to be made; on the following one they were to go.

The next morning, when Dick came into the breakfast-room, he found his father standing by the fireplace with a sheet of paper in his hands.

The young man caught a glint of big gold lettering on the paper, and before Lord Blanquart could drop it into the flames his son had taken it out of his hand.

It was an intimation such as they had received before, in Adolphus Courcy's neat handwriting.

"Mr. Swindower herewith renews the offer he made to Lord Blanquart de Balliol concerning the terms on which Lord Blanquart can recover his family estates."

Underneath, twice under-scored, were two short words—Seventh Day.

"How many of these has he sent?" asked Dick sharply.

"One every day," the old peer answered. His voice was dull. Dick looked at him with a strange yearning. How he longed for a trace of the old grand spirit, of the magnificent scorn, for a sound of the old clarion voice, with the commanding, military ring.

"You never told me, sir," the young man said.

"No, I didn't want you to see them. I burnt them all—"

Dick understood. It was another admission. These letters, that once were beneath notice and contempt, now held the only gleam of hope in a world of blackness on which the sun would never rise again. His father burned them as a penance for the weakening of his faith.

The young man looked the old one square in the face.

"Shall I do it?" he asked. The question was harsh, impersonal, as if he were a subaltern asking for orders from his superior officer.

It was spoken at last—the thought that had crawled like a great, slimy, noisome monster over both their lives was put into words.

Lord Blanquart gave a start as if a cannon had been fired at his ear. Then he seemed to shrink together; he fell into a chair; glassy eyes stared at his son out of a stricken, ghastly face.

"Oh, no, no! Dick, my boy, what has happened? You know—you have guessed my unspeakable shame? You know that I have thought—that I have allowed the thought! I have seen it in your eyes—that knowledge. But I would rather kill myself! Oh, no, no!" The old man's voice rose to a scream, shrill and high-pitched.

So might a victim have screamed when, dragged into the Inquisition Chamber, he gave one glance at the awful instruments, the black-masked faces, and knew that the torture was about to begin.

"Do you want me to do it?" Dick repeated firmly, without emotion. "Is it your will that I should?"

"Oh, no—no—no!" wailed the terrible, shrill voice. "What do you think of me, Dick? How low have I fallen in your eyes?"

"I will do it, if you wish it," Dick went on. "I can see that it is killing you. To go, to leave everything, to have even your memories defaced by the thought of the people who are living in your home is more than you can bear. I can understand it. Well, I will do it. What does it matter? Other men have sold their names. It's done every day. I don't know what they feel like, but they do it. So will I—"

"No, no!" cried Lord Blanquart again. The shrill voice faltered now, as if imploring mercy.

(Continued on page 13.)

The Great Channel Swim



The lady champion swimmer landing after her last long practice swim before attempting to cross the Channel.
Photo (Copyright) "Daily Mirror."

Read what Miss Kellermann says:

Messrs. Cadbury Bros.

DOVER.

5/8/05.

Gentlemen,

It may interest you to learn that during my trial swims preparatory to my attempt to swim the Channel, I have been using your Cocoa and your Chocolate. I FIND IT MORE NOURISHING AND SUSTAINING THAN ANY OTHER I have tried before. I have ordered a supply to take with me on the day of my attempt.

I remain, yours truly,

(Signed) ANNETTE KELLERMANN.

Cadbury's Cocoa

"A PERFECT FOOD."

CAUTION—See that you get CADBURY'S.

YESTERDAY'S WEDDING.



Mr. George Douglas Cochran Newton, nephew of the Earl of Dundonald, was yesterday married to Miss Muriel Duke, daughter of Lieutenant-Colonel J. Duke, late 17th Lancers. Our photograph shows the bride and bridegroom leaving St. Peter's, Eaton-square.

POLICEMAN AS VIOLIN-MAKER.



Edward Gaskin, who has just retired from the Metropolitan Police force at Beckenham, holds a high reputation in the musical world as a violin maker. Kubelik has tried and tested them, and congratulated the maker on his skill.

IN THE NEW HEMSWORTH COLLIERY STRIKERS' CAMP.



Group photographed at the camp where a number of New Hemsworth Colliery strikers and their families are living, after having been turned out of their homes. There are at present no signs of a termination of the strike, and the consequent distress is becoming acute.

HOW TO TAKE A HOLIDAY.

More Advice from Well-Known People
to Our Readers.

Mr. A. C. BENSON, the poet and editor of "Selections from the Correspondence of Queen Victoria," writes:—

The best kind of holiday must depend to a large extent upon the individual, his state of health, his occupation, and his temperament. It seems to me that there are two kinds of holiday—a holiday which is a tonic, and a holiday which is a pure rest.

I feel little doubt that in most cases instinct is the best guide; but I have a belief that several short holidays in the course of the year are even better, from the point of view of health and reform, than one long one.

A change of habits, an interruption of customary thoughts, is the essential thing; yet, after all, even that, as I began by saying, is largely a question of temperament.

ARTHUR C. BENSON.

Tremans, Horsted Keynes, Sussex.

Mrs. TYNAN HINKSON, novelist and poet of distinction, thinks:—

The best way to spend a holiday must be decided by each one for himself or herself.

My idea of the best way, and the only one possible to me, is a judicious mixture of work and play, with plenty of open air and a complete change of environment.

Here we work, bathe, walk, visit each other's houses—we are a small community of friends—and at night play bridge or "the little horses" for a discreet hour or two, travelling by lantern-light across the little valley, and retiring to bed not later than eleven.

We women folk are not relieved of our house-keeping, but it is another matter to do our marketing sitting on our doorsteps, or perhaps as we come from bathing, or even in our beds, where

we are awakened at six a.m. by "Des poissons, Madame, s'il vous plait," called below our open window.

We live among simple things and simple people. In the distant foreground the red roofs of the village. Across the sward, sweet with little flowers, hedged about by sea-holly and sea-thistle, a Calvary stretches its arms to embrace the villas.

We see the sunsets and the big tides—the sea today is like carded wool, and we pity the Channel passengers—the rainbow and the procession of the stars. And there are always the great sweet winds.

Pas de Calais

KATHARINE TYNAN HINKSON.

Mr. SEYMOUR HICKS, the popular actor-manager, says:—

I think the best kind of holiday to take is one in some remote district, where razors and collars are not compulsory, and where one's business friends are never met with.

But real peace of mind and happiness can only be obtained by stopping all clocks save the one the cook goes by, and also having a fine of sixpence for all and everyone who alludes to topics which concern the means by which one's livelihood is gained.

SEYMOUR HICKS.

A famous wigmaker's ideal:—

Apocryphal the interesting correspondence now appearing in the *Daily Mirror*, I wondered whether my views as to a holiday would be of any interest to your innumerable readers.

My ideal is to get as far away from the busy world as one possibly can—sensible for preference, Devonshire coast for choice—about eight miles from the railway station, two miles from the village—to roam among the hills or lie on the sands, and forget for a little while there is such a place as London.

Here everyone seems to be on an equal footing. The squire chats with the gentlemen who break stones by the roadside, and everyone seems to meet at the village inn of an evening, through Bohemians all.

W. CLARKSON.

41 and 43, Wardour-street, London, W.

A POEM YOU OUGHT TO KNOW.

A Recipe for Happiness.

Give a man a horse he can ride,
Give a man a boat he can sail;
And his rank and wealth, his strength and health,
On sea nor shore shall fail.
Give a man a pipe he can smoke,
Give a man a book he can read;
And his home is bright with a calm delight,
Though the room be poor indeed.
Give a man a girl he can love,
As I, O, my Love, love thee;
And his heart is great with the pulse of Fate,
At home, on land, on sea.
—From "Sunday Up the River,"
by James Thomson ("B. V.").

TO-DAY'S BOOKS.

FLASHES FROM CAPE DIAMONDS, supposed to be by "Jack, the Connaught Ranger," who appears to be an active and volatile person, with a taste, as he confesses, for "horse-racing, prize-fighting, cock-fighting, dog-fighting, love-making, and drinking." A series of sketches, on the lines of the famous ones by Bos, of scenes and persons in South Africa. John Long. 3s. 6d.
BEAUTY AND THE PRESERVATION OF YOUTH, by an M.D. One of those encouraging books that seem to provide remedies for every kind of disfigurement and deformity—red hands, red noses, freckles, and so on. A few of facile and quick cures is not removed by the fact that the author appeals to the authorities of Plato, Darwin, Kant, Adam Smith, and even St. Augustine, in one of his opening chapters. The London Publicity Company. 6s.
THE TERROR BY NIGHT, by James MacLaren Cobban. The terror is a man in a wire mask, who haunts a country house in a surprisingly unconventional manner. He enters the library abruptly while people are having tea, and does not seem to care in the least about choosing suitable moments for his apparitions. His lack of taste, however, is explained when it is discovered that he is not a ghost at all, but a person named Henslow in disguise. A story full of a crude kind of excitement. John Long. 6s.
HOW I BECAME A JUDGE, by Nicholas, Parliamentarian, Victoria-street. Is evidently found amusing since it is now in its third edition. Tells us that the way to become a Judge is to be stupid and "safe," and to content a hopeless man in the interest of one Party or the other, it can be done for £2,000. Similarly, to succeed at the Bar either marry a solicitor's daughter or go into Parliament and trade a cry. Written in a vein of cheerful cynicism. Allowance for indignation, the author clearly knows what he is writing about.



A WORD TO MOTHERS

on Baby Feeding, Baby Rearing,
the Prevention of Teething
Troubles, and other In-
fantile Ailments

A baby that receives the right food is a baby that makes steady progress, puts on firm flesh, develops muscular strength, gets through the trying period of teething well, has rosy cheeks, increases properly in weight, sleeps well, has a good appetite, and is free from rickets, scurvy, constipation, or diarrhoea. In these words we have exactly described babies and young children brought up on "Savory and Moore's Best Food for Infants and Invalids," the food with half a century's reputation, the food largely recommended by doctors and used in their own families, the food that received the Gold Medal at the National Health Exhibition and that is used in the Royal Nurseries of England and Europe.

THE VERY BEST FOOD FOR BABY

"Savory and Moore's Best Food" contains everything needed to build up bone, brain, teeth, nerves, and muscles, and infants fed upon it form firm flesh, have rosy cheeks, increase properly in weight, cut their teeth well, gain muscular strength day by day, and are remarkably free from rickets or scurvy. "Savory and Moore's Best Food for Infants and Invalids" is manufactured on the firm's own premises, where they have been established for more than a hundred years, and every process is carried out under the personal direction of members of the firm. You cannot have a better proof that everything is done that possibly can be done to ensure the food being perfectly pure and thoroughly well prepared.

EASY OF DIGESTION, BUT NOT
PREDIGESTED.

Every one recognises the importance of an Infant's Food being easy of digestion, but this is by no means the same thing as saying it should be pre-digested. If too heavy a task is thrown on the digestive organs discomfort will follow, and the infant will fail to make proper progress; but if, on the other hand, the work of digestion has already been performed, the digestive organs will be weakened, and the infant will be "spoiled." "Savory and Moore's Best Food" is easy of digestion, but is not pre-digested, and the digestive organs are consequently properly developed.

COME INTERESTING EXTRACTS
FROM LETTERS.

The following are just specimens of the opinions on "Savory and Moore's Best Food," and thousands more might be quoted:—"At three months he was a living skeleton, and only weighed about eight pounds. We were at our wits' end, when we were recommended 'Savory and Moore's Best Food.' There was a marked improvement from the first, and he began to put on flesh rapidly. Now, at six and a half months, he weighs 16lb. 'My baby has been brought up entirely on 'Savory and Moore's Best Food,' and is in perfect health and so contented.'

"My boy has been fed on 'Savory and Moore's Best Food' from the time of his birth. He is fat and plump, and had no bother with his teeth, of which he has eight."

"Was unable to retain any other food, but retained 'Savory and Moore's Best Food,' and rapidly gained weight and strength on it."

"Savory and Moore's Best Food" has been the means of saving the child's life."

FOR CONVALESCENTS, INVALIDS, AND
NURSING MOTHERS

"Savory and Moore's Best Food" is the right thing, satisfies all requirements, and has the further advantage that it may be prepared in a large number of appetising ways, and its nutritive value is in no way impaired or its digestibility decreased.

SEND FOR A TRIAL TIN.

"Savory and Moore's Best Food for Infants and Invalids" is supplied by all Chemists and Stores in tins at 1s., 2s., 5s., and 10s., or a large Trial Tin will be sent as per the offer at foot. The booklet sent is a Guide to infant feeding, and contains various tables, showing the correct height of infants at different ages, weight, muscular development, the age at which the various teeth should be cut, how infants should be fed, and a large amount of other useful information. If desired, the booklet will be sent post free by itself, or it will be sent with the large TRIAL TIN for six penny stamps if you mention the *Daily Mirror* and address your letter to Messrs. Savory and Moore, Limited, Chemists to The King, 143, New Bond-street, London, W.



25/6 per lb. is the highest price obtained for Tea for many years. Yet this was the price paid by Messrs. Pearks, Limited, on Mincing Lane Market for a parcel of "Broken Orange Pekoe," this week. Ten minutes after Messrs. Pearks had bought it they were offered 30/- per lb. for it, but declined, having decided to use it with their delicious blend.

W. T. H., LTD

1/- Weekly



TO-DAY'S RACING PROGRAMMES.

STOCKTON

MIDDLEBROUGH WELTER HANDICAP PLATE OF 200

Post	Time	St.	Time	St.
Post	8 15	St. L.	8 15	St. L.
Dayfield	8 10	aAbelard	8 10	aAbelard
Cragglaich	8 10	aAbelard	8 10	aAbelard
atoneolate	8 7	aAbelard	8 7	aAbelard
Stillingfield	8 7	aAbelard	8 7	aAbelard
Scarcen	8 7	aAbelard	8 7	aAbelard
Quenecliff	8 6	aAbelard	8 6	aAbelard
aFairfax	8 6	aAbelard	8 6	aAbelard
aVerdiana	8 5	aAbelard	8 5	aAbelard

BILLINGHAM SELLING HANDICAP PLATE OF 100

Post	Time	St.	Time	St.
Post	8 15	St. L.	8 15	St. L.
Long Cecil	8 10	aNauclea	8 10	aNauclea
Stenning	8 10	aNauclea	8 10	aNauclea
Dr. Jim	8 7	aNauclea	8 7	aNauclea
Mont de Pile	8 7	aNauclea	8 7	aNauclea
Scottish Archer	8 6	aNauclea	8 6	aNauclea
Black Thrush	8 5	aNauclea	8 5	aNauclea

WILTON WELTER HANDICAP PLATE OF 150

Post	Time	St.	Time	St.
Post	8 15	St. L.	8 15	St. L.
Bretanby	8 10	aPacha	8 10	aPacha
aRamsay	8 10	aPacha	8 10	aPacha
aKilgus	8 10	aPacha	8 10	aPacha
aRose Point	8 12	aPacha	8 12	aPacha
aPater's Pride	8 11	aPacha	8 11	aPacha
aKipon	8 11	aPacha	8 11	aPacha
aGay Gordon	8 10	aPacha	8 10	aPacha
aAlfred	8 10	aPacha	8 10	aPacha
Moss	8 8	aPacha	8 8	aPacha
Burton	8 7	aPacha	8 7	aPacha
aDebutante	8 6	aPacha	8 6	aPacha

DURHAM COUNTY PRODUCE PLATE OF 1,000

Post	Time	St.	Time	St.
Post	8 15	St. L.	8 15	St. L.
aPolymela	8 10	aSummerfield	8 10	aSummerfield
aChari	8 10	aSummerfield	8 10	aSummerfield
St. Foreman	8 10	aSummerfield	8 10	aSummerfield
aMarlacas	8 10	aSummerfield	8 10	aSummerfield
Cautious	8 10	aSummerfield	8 10	aSummerfield
aHelle	8 11	aSummerfield	8 11	aSummerfield
Sight	8 11	aSummerfield	8 11	aSummerfield
Jack in the Box	8 7	aSummerfield	8 7	aSummerfield
Royal Ward	8 6	aSummerfield	8 6	aSummerfield
Brady Eye	8 6	aSummerfield	8 6	aSummerfield
aRepeater	8 6	aSummerfield	8 6	aSummerfield
Old Master	8 6	aSummerfield	8 6	aSummerfield

ELTON TWO-YEAR-OLD MAIDEN PLATE OF 150

Post	Time	St.	Time	St.
Post	8 15	St. L.	8 15	St. L.
Gunnock Lad	8 10	aGresnet	8 10	aGresnet
aSnow Glory	8 10	aGresnet	8 10	aGresnet
Lady Flore	8 10	aGresnet	8 10	aGresnet
Glenfuir	8 10	aGresnet	8 10	aGresnet
aLucida	8 12	aGresnet	8 12	aGresnet
State	8 12	aGresnet	8 12	aGresnet
aBirk Gill	8 12	aGresnet	8 12	aGresnet
aPales	8 12	aGresnet	8 12	aGresnet
Happy End	8 12	aGresnet	8 12	aGresnet
Spring Galop	8 12	aGresnet	8 12	aGresnet
Simply	8 12	aGresnet	8 12	aGresnet
Beppo	8 12	aGresnet	8 12	aGresnet

FOLKESTONE.

1.30.-WESTENHANGER SELLING PLATE OF 100

Post	Time	St.	Time	St.
Post	8 15	St. L.	8 15	St. L.
Rayleigh	8 10	aYankee Toy	8 10	aYankee Toy
Stretton	8 10	aYankee Toy	8 10	aYankee Toy
aSavill	8 10	aYankee Toy	8 10	aYankee Toy
Nahband	8 10	aYankee Toy	8 10	aYankee Toy
aClaus	8 10	aYankee Toy	8 10	aYankee Toy
aPeen	8 10	aYankee Toy	8 10	aYankee Toy

2.0.-SALTWOOD TWO-YEAR-OLD PLATE OF 100

Post	Time	St.	Time	St.
Post	8 15	St. L.	8 15	St. L.
Parlamant	8 10	aArtist	8 10	aArtist
Lady Noe	8 10	aArtist	8 10	aArtist
Warfield's Pride	8 10	aArtist	8 10	aArtist
Licence	8 11	aArtist	8 11	aArtist
Kore Kim	8 11	aArtist	8 11	aArtist
Hammy	8 11	aArtist	8 11	aArtist
Trotter	8 11	aArtist	8 11	aArtist
Winnie	8 11	aArtist	8 11	aArtist
Millbrook	8 11	aArtist	8 11	aArtist
Gulphing by	8 11	aArtist	8 11	aArtist
aRonald	8 11	aArtist	8 11	aArtist
Diorie	8 11	aArtist	8 11	aArtist

2.30.-FOLKESTONE HANDICAP OF 200

Post	Time	St.	Time	St.
Post	8 15	St. L.	8 15	St. L.
Phylloxera	8 10	aDapleberry	8 10	aDapleberry
Healy	8 10	aDapleberry	8 10	aDapleberry
Lady Vesper	8 10	aDapleberry	8 10	aDapleberry
Amulet	8 10	aDapleberry	8 10	aDapleberry
Marotrunner	8 10	aDapleberry	8 10	aDapleberry
Bulbul	8 10	aDapleberry	8 10	aDapleberry
aHyemous	8 10	aDapleberry	8 10	aDapleberry
Bachelor's Walk	8 13	aDapleberry	8 13	aDapleberry
Cautious	8 13	aDapleberry	8 13	aDapleberry
Lychnole	8 7	aDapleberry	8 7	aDapleberry

3.0.-DEAL TWO-YEAR-OLD SELLING PLATE OF 100

Post	Time	St.	Time	St.
Post	8 15	St. L.	8 15	St. L.
Rivault Abbey	8 10	aLily Seedling	8 10	aLily Seedling
Rasper	8 10	aLily Seedling	8 10	aLily Seedling
Symmetrical	8 10	aLily Seedling	8 10	aLily Seedling
Brambletye	8 11	aLily Seedling	8 11	aLily Seedling
Ravished	8 11	aLily Seedling	8 11	aLily Seedling
Daisy Lady	8 11	aLily Seedling	8 11	aLily Seedling
Marchioness	8 11	aLily Seedling	8 11	aLily Seedling
Collins	8 11	aLily Seedling	8 11	aLily Seedling

3.30.-CINQUE PORTS HIGH-WEIGHT HANDICAP OF 100

Post	Time	St.	Time	St.
Post	8 15	St. L.	8 15	St. L.
Half Holiday	8 10	aVan Voght	8 10	aVan Voght
Copper King	8 10	aVan Voght	8 10	aVan Voght
Rimontown	8 10	aVan Voght	8 10	aVan Voght
Vauken Plant	8 10	aVan Voght	8 10	aVan Voght
Chant	8 10	aVan Voght	8 10	aVan Voght
St. Trumpet	8 10	aVan Voght	8 10	aVan Voght
St. Lucia	8 10	aVan Voght	8 10	aVan Voght
Princess Sagan	8 10	aVan Voght	8 10	aVan Voght

4.0.-SMEETH WELTER PLATE OF 100

Post	Time	St.	Time	St.
Post	8 15	St. L.	8 15	St. L.
Ypallanti	8 10	aAchilles	8 10	aAchilles
Chanderbolt	8 11	aAchilles	8 11	aAchilles
Fisher Girl	8 11	aAchilles	8 11	aAchilles
Lady Drake	8 11	aAchilles	8 11	aAchilles
Caprell	8 11	aAchilles	8 11	aAchilles
Winkfield's Charm	8 11	aAchilles	8 11	aAchilles
Winkfield's Charm	8 11	aAchilles	8 11	aAchilles
Liza Johnson	8 11	aAchilles	8 11	aAchilles
Proffer	8 11	aAchilles	8 11	aAchilles

LATEST SCRATCHINGS.

Wilton Welter, Stockton.-Adonis III.
 All published handicaps.-Flourish of Trumpets.
 Clunge Ports Handicap, Folkestone.-Crystal.
 Pontefract engagement.-Cross Channel.
 Great Ebor Handicap.-Saltpetre. (At 11.35 a.m. yesterday.)

DR. SCOTT'S
BILIOUS & LIVER PILLS
 If you feel out of sorts, don't fly to a new and untried remedy, but to one which has stood the test of time. For nearly a century Dr. Scott's Pills have been recognised as a safe and reliable remedy for Headache, Biliousness, and all Liver and Kidney Complaints. Sold in a green wrapper by all chemists. 1/4 & 2/9 per box. Get the real remedy—Dr. Scott's Pills.

TO H.M. THE KING

THE POPULAR
SCOTCH
 IS
"BLACK & WHITE"
 WHISKY

TO H.R.H. THE PRINCE OF WALES.

How You may be Taller

With BODILY BEAUTY and GRACE OF FIGURE assured to all Ladies by the New "Cleave-Extensor" Method, a Rational and Scientific Method of Increasing Height (when necessary) with added Health, Strength, and Physical Beauty. The invention of Mr. F. Meredith Cleave, Ph.L.D., and the outcome of 17 years' continuous study of the Physical Side of Life.

The "Cleave-Extensor" Method is the Rapid Culture of Physical Beauty with increased height by Novel and Natural Means. It is an original system of bodily movements which, adapted to individual needs, will in the course of a few weeks improve the personal appearance of every Lady 100 per cent., with the satisfaction of knowing that it is real and natural, and not artificial and unnatural (as in fashion plate). Mr. Cleave's system will give to ladies a beauty of figure and grace of carriage unattainable by other methods, and for girls yet in their teens the result of a few weeks' instruction is remarkable in the improvement it gives to the figure. Mr. Cleave's method—the "Cleave-Extensor" method—is the result of many years of continuous study of the human frame, and constitutes an absolutely new departure in the science of improving the body by physical education. It has no connection or similarity whatsoever with any other form of bodily exercise, whether it be for health or increasing height, that is being advertised.



A Perfect and Natural Figure attainable by the Cleave-Extensor. No nod in a few weeks.

FREE Explanatory Book-let and Personal Advice.

In order that serious enquirers can sufficiently judge the merits of this method, please mark your requirements against each Hat, and Mr. Cleave will send a letter of Personal Advice and an interesting booklet, fully explanatory of his system. Nothing is charged for either, which are sent post free. All communications strictly confidential.

F. MEREDITH CLEAVE, Ph.L.D.
 30, NEW BOND STREET, LONDON, W.

CUT THIS OUT.

107 L.

Put a mark X against any of the following in regard to which you desire special improvement.

- Too Short.
- Round Shoulders.
- Flat Chest.
- Narrow Chest.
- Sloping Shoulders.
- Head Slope.
- Weak Back.
- Weak Chest.
- Prominent Abdomen.
- Incurved Back.
- Weak Ankles.
- Flat Feet.
- Stomach Trouble.
- Lung Trouble.
- Stunted Growth.
- Ungainly Walk.
- Curvature of Spine.
- Too Thin.
- Superfuous Flesh.
- Prominent Hips.
- Thin But.

Is your Figure or Health imperfect in any way not mentioned? Occupation. What is your age?

*Concerning these give full particulars in a letter. All correspondence is strictly confidential.

POST TO ME.

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69 to 77, JUDD-ST., KING'S CROSS, LONDON.
 Business Hours: 9 to 8: Saturdays till 6. Thursdays we do NOT close early.

Furnish on Easy Terms.

TERMS:
 Town or Country.
 Worth. Per Month.
 £10 - - - 6 0
 20 - - - 11 0
 30 - - - 17 0
 50 - - - £1 8 0
 100 - - - 2 5 0
 200 - - - 4 10 0
 500 - - - 11 5 0
 Any amount pro rata.

NO ADDED INTEREST. NO EXTRA CHARGES.

"1905" Guide and Catalogue Free on mentioning the "Daily Mirror."

5ft. Fumed Oak Sideboard, fitted with bevelled plate glass back and drawers, and cupboard below.
 Price - - - £5:12:6

No Deposit Required

Country orders packed free and carriage paid. Carpets and Linos planned and laid free.

DO YOU WANT TO BUY Anything? A Small Advertisement in the "Daily Mirror" will bring you offers from all parts of the country. Try one.

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 24, 1935.